Saturday Review

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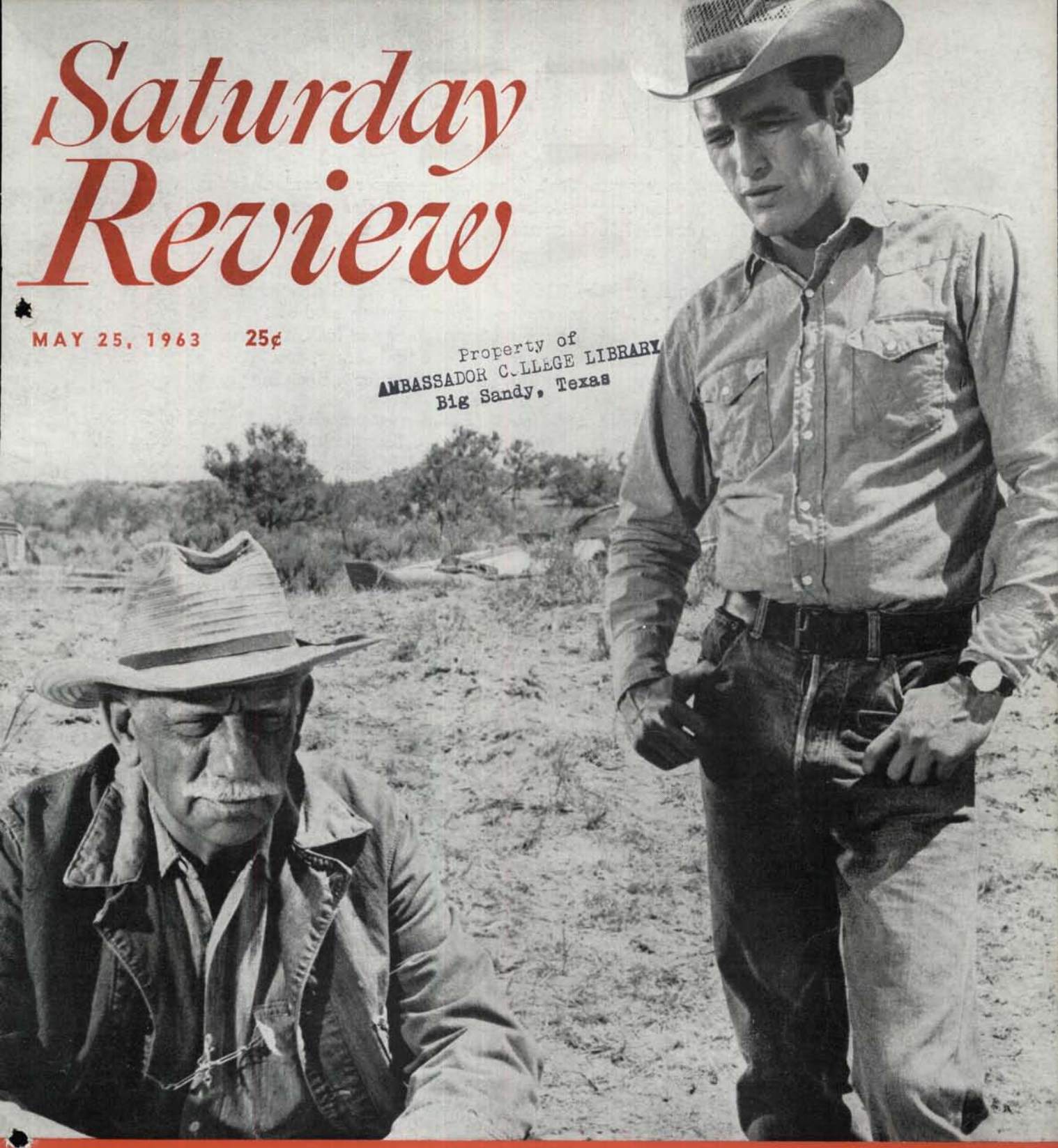

Melvyn Douglas and Paul Newman in "Hud," a new film about the American Southwest (See Movies)

RECORDINGS

BRITTEN'S "WAR REQUIEM"
by Irving Kolodin

VAN WYCK BROOKS: A Career in
by Malcolm Cowley

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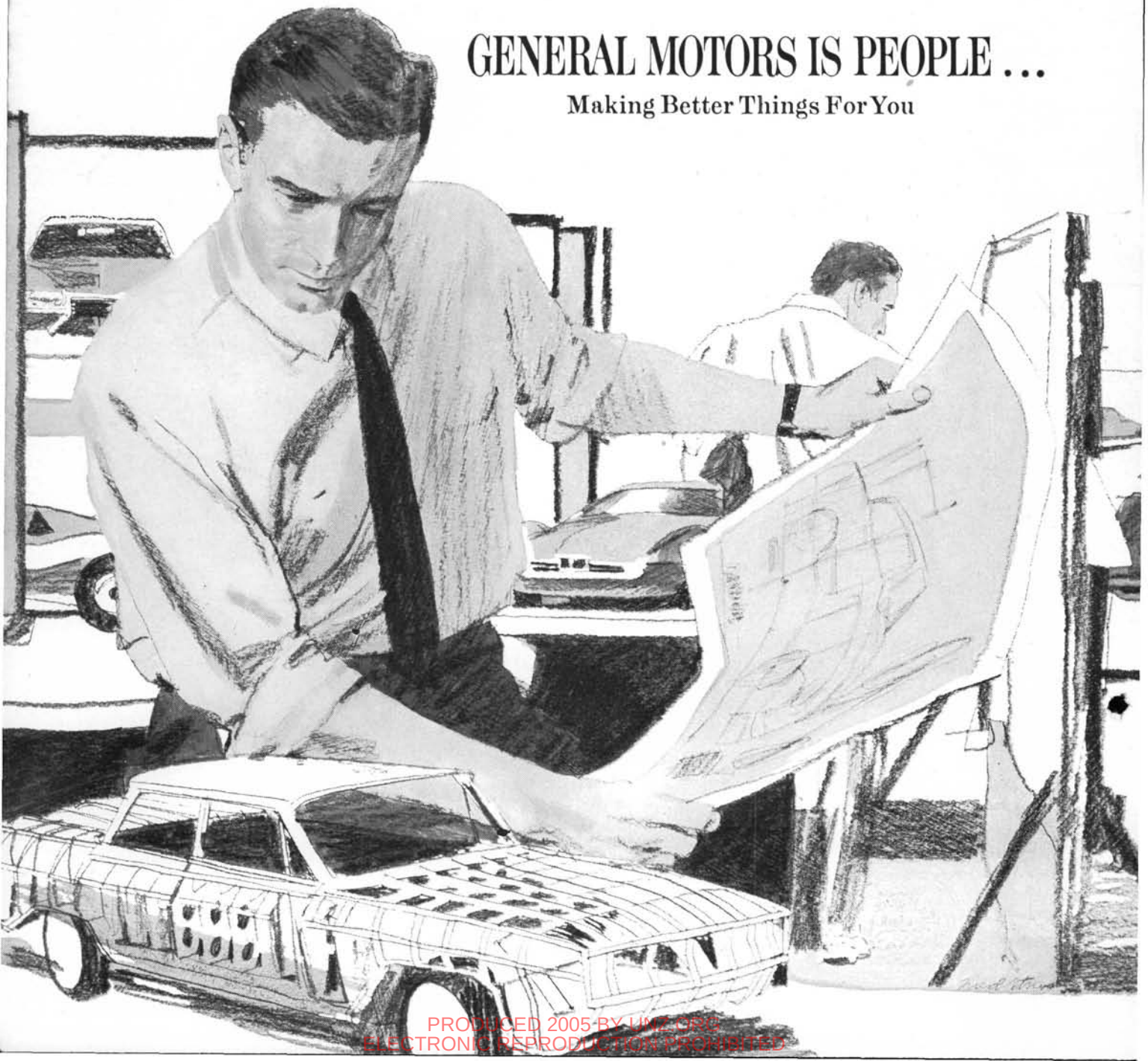

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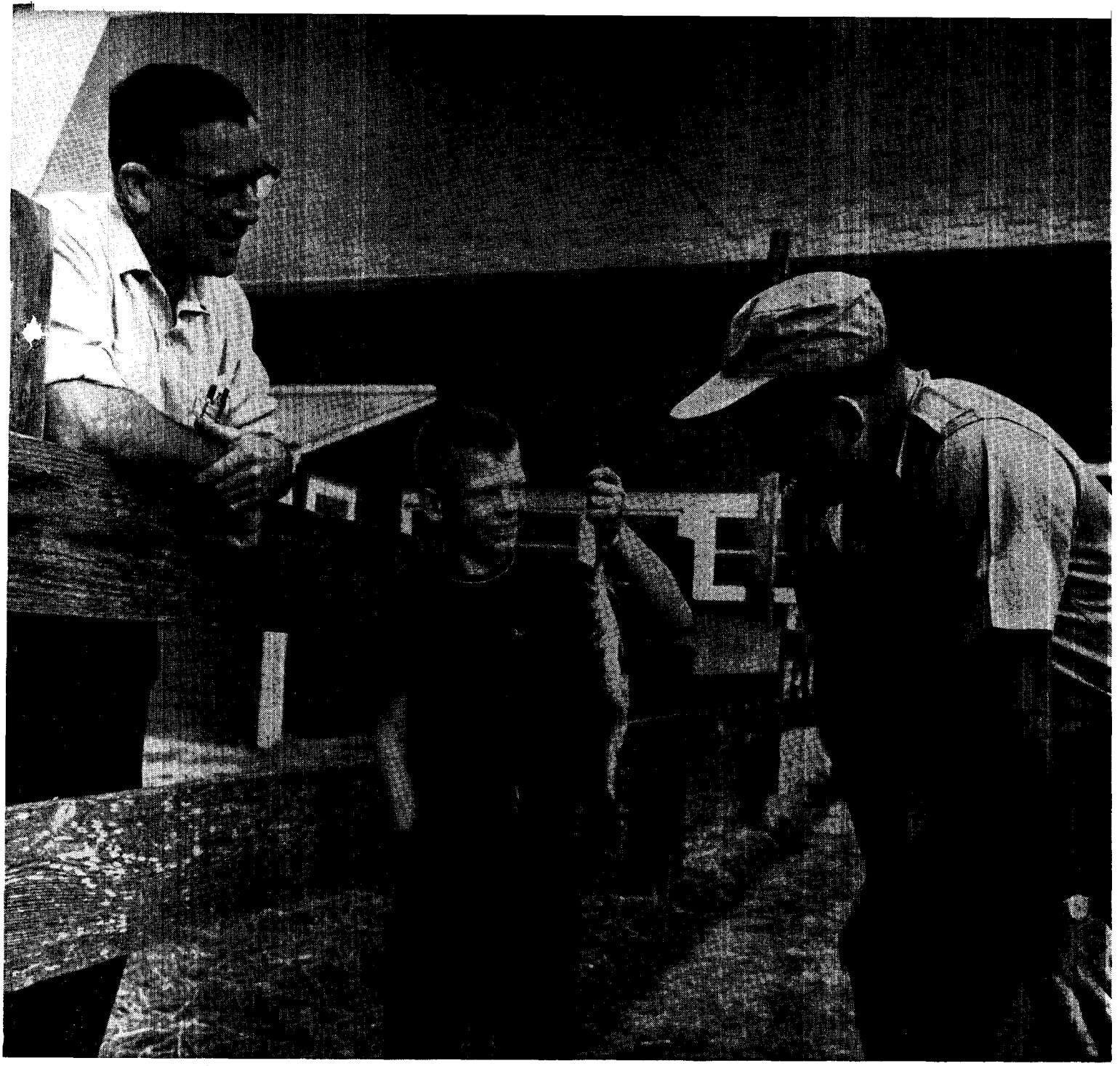

For 14 years Bob Thompson (right) has helped Jack McCarley with electrical projects designed to make farming easier and more profitable. Here Thompson, district agricultural development engineer for the Carolina Power & Light Co., chats with Jack and grandson Johnny on the McCarley farm near Wilmington, N.C.

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(Advertisement)

When the lawyer entered the ministry, he did not believe that he had left the law behind, exactly. And when he became a Bishop, the chance came to express this thought —and any number of important ideas — in behalf of what his old lawyer friends called his Client.

The man of the cloth and law, James A. Pike, is Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of California. His platform was the 1962 Rosenthal Lectures at Northwestern University School of Law. The net result of both is a small book of large implications, *Beyond the Law*.

Bishop Pike is a writer, too, a man who has consistently refused to retreat into silence on "secular" affairs. His new book is a clear stream running through muddy pools of thought. He begins by posing the dilemma: if a promising young lawyer, headed for a partnership, is asked to draw up a contract that is plainly legal, yet is also essentially a gyp and harmful to legitimate persons, where does his duty lie? (This assumes, too, that our young lawyer has a family to support.)

When Bishop Pike once asked this, a reputable member of the bar stood up and said that it was no question at all: "A young man is supposed to do what he is paid for." To which the Bishop replied that he had "no idea how close our profession is to the world's oldest."

The only flaw in the book, to my mind, is that it is more than it claims to be. Apparently addressed to lawyers, its illuminations, anecdotes, humor, and directness can be of much value to teachers, public officials, and business people, for example, not excluding those of us in the business of books.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Beyond the Law ($2.95) by James A. Pike is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 239 Pierce Street, Birmingham, Michigan.

Saturday Review

May 25, 1963

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 21, May 25, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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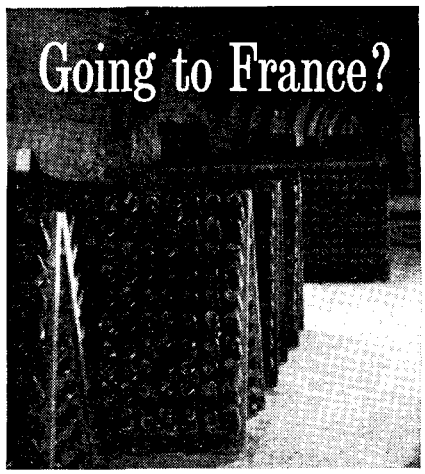

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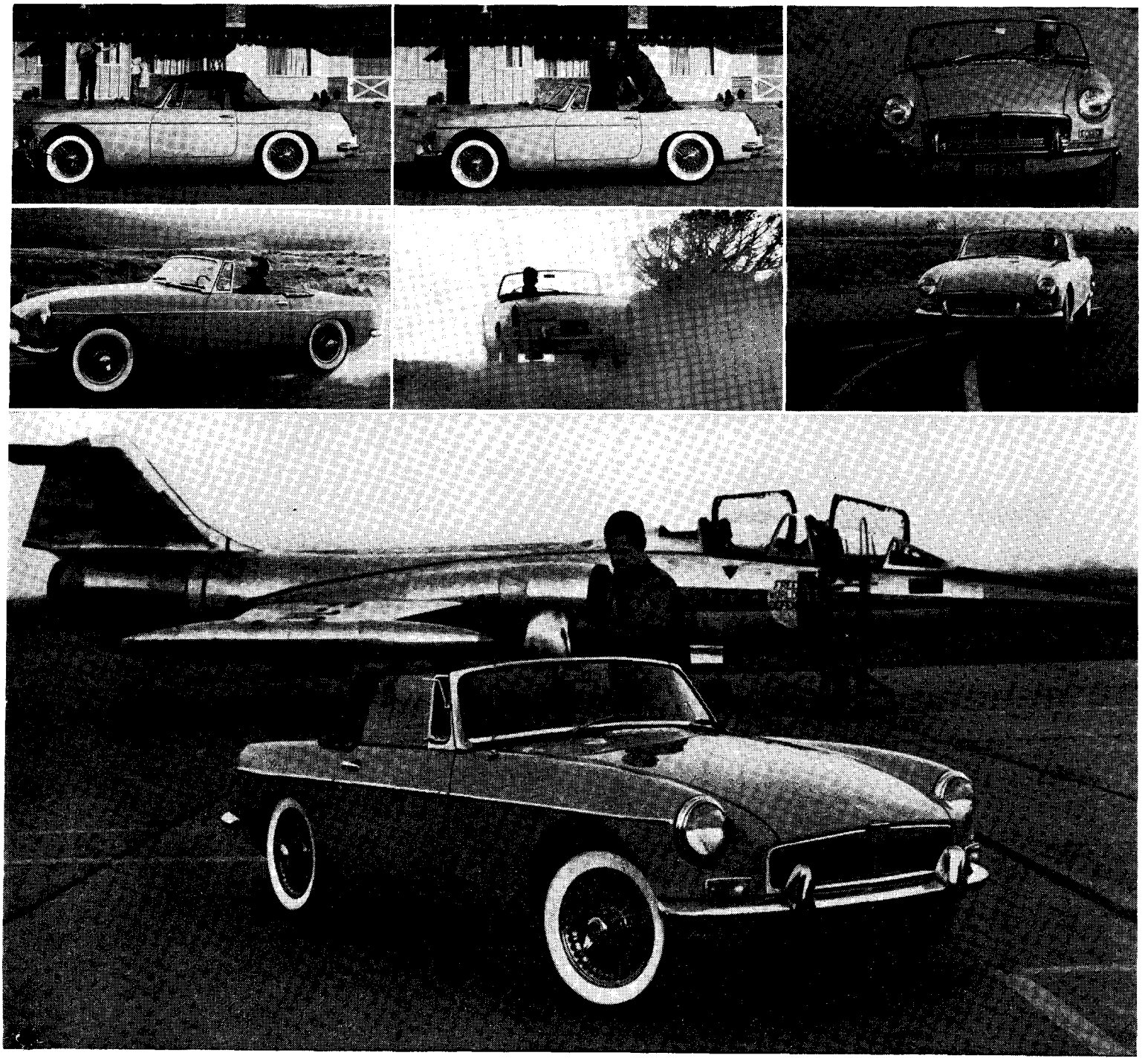

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And No Potatoes

Edited by Martin Levin

THE DAFFY SEASON

We accept the gamboling of lambs as we accept the weather, but it really has much more significance. Being an annual activity of ancient origin, it ranks in importance with the Cannes Festival. Why do they gambol? Has the choreography ever been revised? Who was the Agnes de Mille of that early era? The proper place to ask such questions would be the Children's Zoo, and there I went.

A gate sign read: ADULTS NOT ADMITTED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY CHILDREN. Lacking the necessary progeny, I produced a shiny quarter and lured an urchin into taking me by the hand.

Once inside, the boy jerked his fingers free. "Others of your kind may want to get into this place, so I'll give you my card," he said.

"Thanks," I said, "but I have no friends."

"Don't feel bad," he said, backing away. "Money is more important."

There were two lambs in a small enclosure. I motioned for the brightest-looking one to step to the side.

"What's the deal?" he asked.

"Gamboling," I said. "What can you tell me about it?'

"Nothing."

"You're a lamb," I reminded him.

"Sure, and in something next to solitary confinement."

"Yet you must get the urge."

"It's instinctive," he said. "I've been told gamboling is done where an inviting sward is green and spacious. It requires a couple of daisies and a butterfly."

"I'm disappointed," I said. "I was counting on a detailed report."

"If you want me to guess," he said, "I think it's a sort of four-legged fandango." He did a quick jig. "That's my untutored conception of the prelude."

"No musical accompaniment?"

"Just an upbleat and a downbleat."

"Wish you could demonstrate," I said. "There's a big meadow just across the way."

"On which you're elected to gambol along," he said.

"Regrettably, I haven't enough legs," I said. "Your lack of immediate acreage was no doubt a Lehman oversight."

"Don't blame the governor," he said. "He arranged for comfortable housing, valet service, and food."

"Well, maybe next year," I said.

"Wise up, mister," he said. "Next year I won't be a lamb."

—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

• • •

THE MIRACLE OF RICE

MY paternal grandfather survived the Great Hunger, though the odds were, I should think, very much against it at the time. His name was Thomas Tobin and he lived on the wild, wet promontory known to geography as Sheep's Head at the barren tip of Bantry Bay, one of the southwestern land fingers of Ireland that reach to touch the exploding sea. Not only was Bantry hardest hit of the Irish counties between 1845 and 1849, because the potato crop first failed there, but it was also a chief source of a typhus plague that swept the weakened and despairing land. To live in Bantry then was to live in Hell.

But Tom Tobin had a further handicap. He was a Protestant and a stubborn one. His brothers had long since found life unbearable, from one cause or another, and had departed for America, from whence they pleaded with Tom to join them and start life anew. Their correspondence with him and his with them was conducted entirely through amanuenses since none of them could read or write. In the end, and with the added persuasion of new crop failures in 1849, Tom agreed to join them at the Battery in New York. His packet-boat passage was duly booked and the brothers notified.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean in 1849 was no picnic at best. On one coffin ship carrying famine-stricken emigrants to North America, 108 of the 440 passengers died at sea, chiefly from typhus. Tom's boat was smaller than most and, when it had fallen six weeks overdue, his brothers gave up hope at

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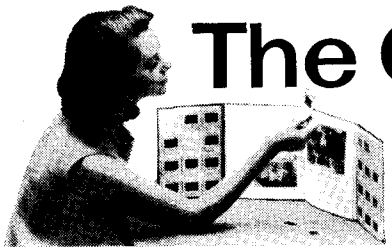

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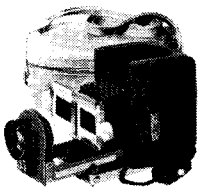

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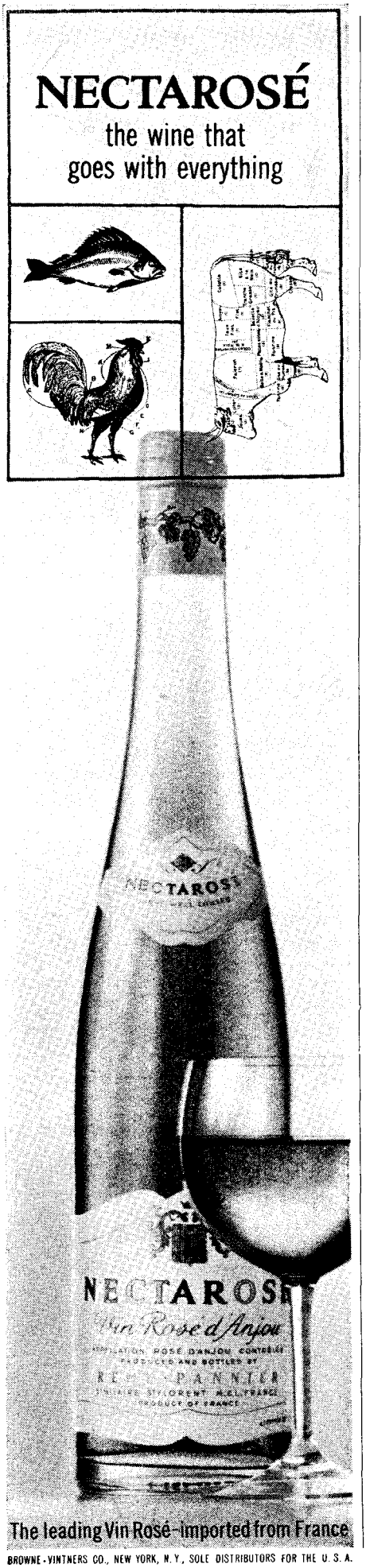


the Battery and went their several ways. Aboard the packet boat the talk had first been of the indigenous hate, the English variety (one source of great bitterness amongst the Irish was the fact that absentee British landlords insisted on Ireland's exporting food to England throughout the famine years). But a terrible storm soon erased thoughts and fears save one—survival. Dismasted and helpless, the packet boat might yet reach land through jury rig, but by that time all aboard would have starved to death. A passage of one month had been provided for, if poorly; the ship's food was soon gone, and death seemed to many aboard the lesser suffering.

Most packet boats of that day carried freight ballast, and in the tiny bottom of this unnamed and disabled craft were bag after bag of a grain few Irishmen had ever heard of, let alone tasted: rice. But some aboard had heard that rice could be eaten, though no one remotely knew how it should be cooked—so great kettles were filled with the little fresh water that remained and the rice dumped in—all of it, right up to the top of each kettle. As the water boiled, the rice-jammed pots overflowed with their bounty; over the rim of each kettle came a miracle of unending food. When the next day had come, the kettles were simply relighted and the rice continued to boil out and out as though there were no end to God's gifts. Fresh water could be collected from the rains that never ceased. New ballast bags of rice were discovered below and brought up for the pots. And the miracle of the overflowing kettles of boiling rice sustained them all until that shout to hearten any sailor, especially these, told them that land lay ahead.

The landfall was Montauk Point, but the jury-rigged packet never made the Battery, foundering just off a sandy shore where the rich and lovely Hamptons now lie. Young Tom was taken in by a generous farm family named Halleck and, when one of the young Halleck girls found that he, a strapping eighteen-year-old, could neither read nor write, Tom was so taught by the children in the light of a farm fireplace after each long day's chores were over.

Tom Tobin went on to become highly proficient in Latin, married a Scots girl in Vermont, and took her to Iowa with him where he founded several colleges, one of which long bore his name. But to his dying day, which came to him well before I was born, Tom Tobin could never fully be persuaded that the Lord Himself had not placed bags of rice as ballast in a forlorn packet boat of miraculous memory or that this blessed grain was not somehow special in His eyes.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Chess Corner—No. 82

IF there is such a thing as surrealism in chess, the game below has it. The opening is marked by a strange unorthodoxy. Then a series of weird middle-game combinations convert to a bizarre ending, where under-promotion of a Pawn to a Knight leads to victory.

The player of the White pieces is the author of the book *White to Play and Win*. Here, he essays the opening which is the foundation of his premise. Despite the early loss of the exchange, he has more than sufficient compensation in the attacking formation against the enemy King.

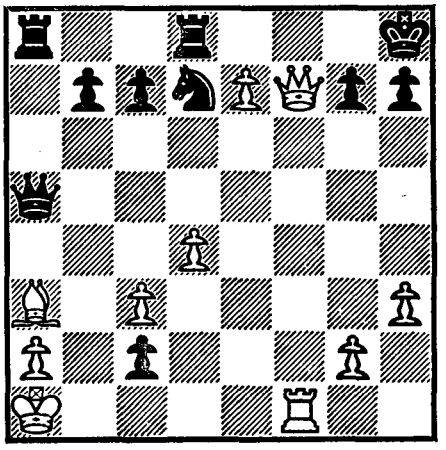
All too human, White goes astray at his 28th turn: 28 R-K8ch, RxR 29 QxRch, K-R2 30 PxN, wins.

Though Black's 27 . . . N-B4 turns out well for Black; he wins the game on a fluke. Much more convincing against perfect play is 27 . . . N-K4, with the possible continuation: 28 Q-K7, RxP 29 Q-B8ch, K-R2 30 Q-B5ch, etc., with an even game.

This game proves that theoretical knowledge goes by the board when the clock ticks dangerously. Tension and nerve are also deciding factors.

VIENNA GAME

	Weaver W. Adams White			J. Gladstone Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	13 RxN	N-Q2
2	N-QB3	N-KB3	14 P-R3	BxN
3	B-B4	B-B4	15 QxB	N-N3
4	P-B4	P-Q4	16 B-N3	P-QR4
5	KPxP	N-N5	17 R-B1	Q-N4ch
6	N-B3	N-B7	18 K-N1	P-R5
7	Q-K2	NxR	19 QxPch	K-R1
8	P-Q4	B-N5	20 P-Q6	PxB
9	BPxP	BxNch	21 P-Q7	PxBPch
10	PxB	O-O	22 K-R1	KR-Q1
11	B-R3	R-K1	23 P-K6	Q-QR4
12	O-O-O	B-N5	24 P-K7	NxP



25	PxR/Q	chRxQ	28 P-R3	Q-N4
26	B-N2	P-R3	29 R-K7	N-N6ch
27	R-K1	N-B4	30 K-R2	P-B8/Nch
		31 K-N1	Q-Q6 mate	

—Al Horowitz.

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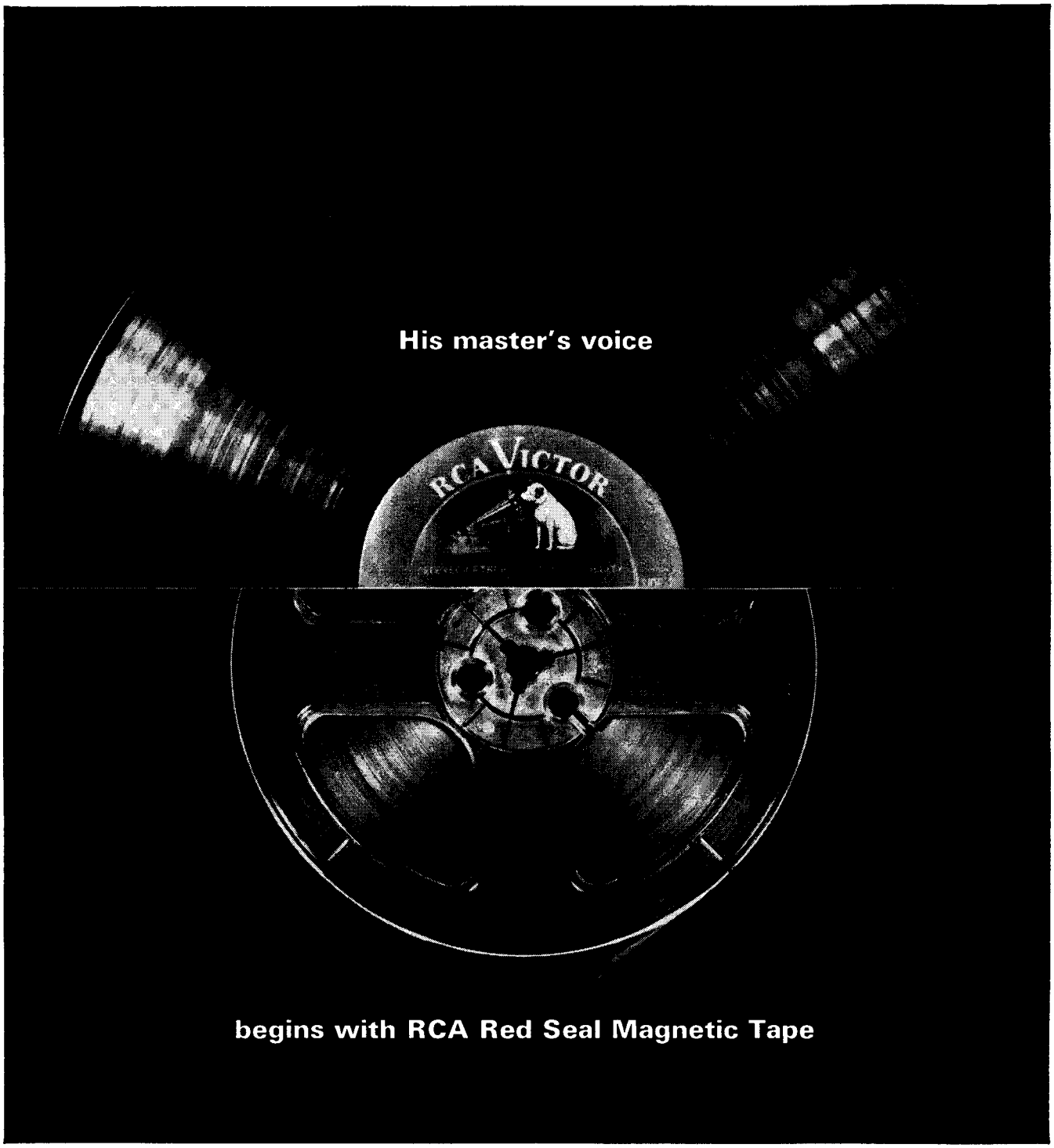

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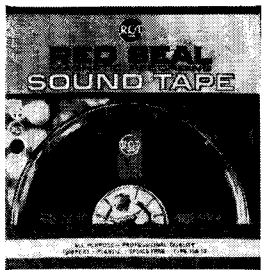

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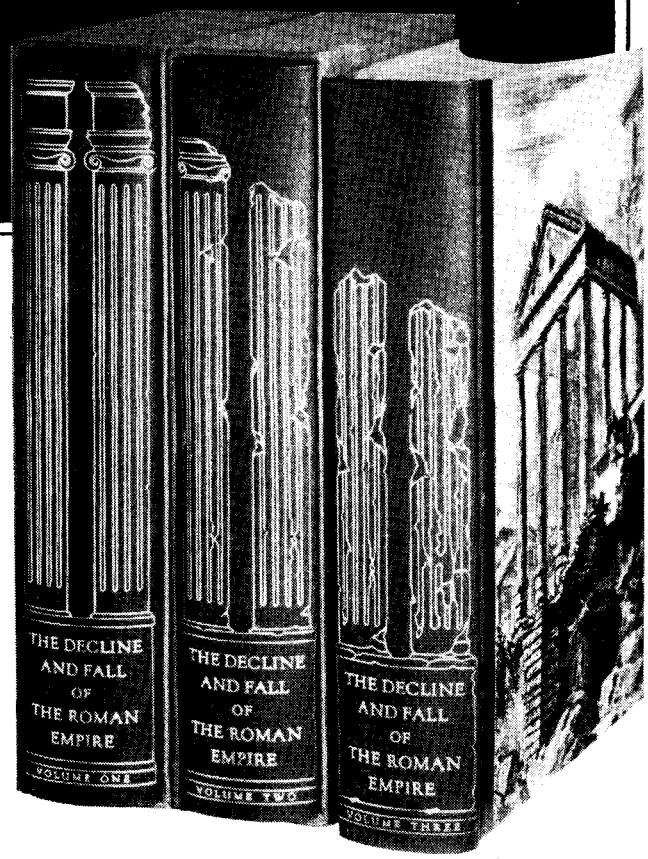
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
VOLUME ONE
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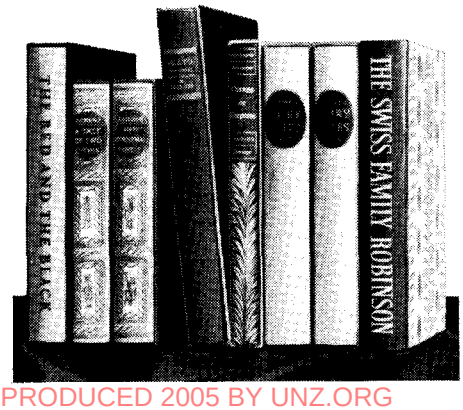

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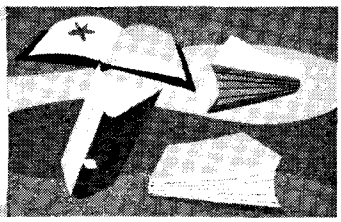
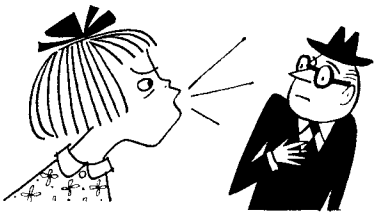
Trade Winds



IN INTRODUCING local dignitaries at the traditional Montana University-Montana State basketball game recently, the announcer commented over the public address system: "We have forty odd senators and representatives with us this evening."

IN OLDHAM, ENGLAND, the village clock went blooey and the hands began running counterclockwise. "At this rate," said the mayor, "it will be last Saturday before we can fix it."

THERE'S NO LAW that says you have to be over twenty-one to write to your Congressman. According to Harold Dunn, some of the best advice as well as the severest criticism comes to the



solons from youngsters, who often see through a glass clearly. He collected lots of letters written by kids to Congress in a book called, *How to Run a Country, Etc.* (Horizon). They are quite funny. Samples:

"Dear Senator McClellan: Send me Lindas' fingerprints. I'm pretty sure it was her. Morris M——."

"Dear Senator Tower: Some of my idiot-friends are spreading the rumor that Congress is passing a law to have school on Saturdays. (ha! Ha!) You aren't, are you? Naomi W——."

"Dear Congressman Powell: A window in our school was broken lately by an airplane going faster than the speedy sound. What I would say is that congress should allow money to invent some sounds that can go faster than such airplanes. Elsa Ann N——."

"Dear Senator Tower: BOO! I didn't mean to scare you so bad, but that is how I feel when I think about the atom bomb. Please think of something and do it as soon as you think of it. Nearvous."

LAST SUMMER two advertising men from Westport, Connecticut, embarked on a weekend cruise in Long Island Sound. They bade their families goodbye and sailed off into the sea in their little sloop. They headed for Stamford Harbor, ten miles away. There they tied up, changed their clothes, hired a limousine, and were hurried to Idlewild Airport, where they boarded a jet for Las Vegas. On Saturday they were roaming the gambling houses, having the time of their lives.

Sunday night they reversed the procedure, flying back to Connecticut where they put on their sailor suits again, picked up their boat, and tacked up the Sound to home port, arriving happy and rested.

It wasn't until a month later that the secret came out, when one of the wives spotted a check from the bank with the telltale cancellations. The mistake the two fellows made was to lose all their money. If they had won they'd have been pardoned, no doubt.

I thought of this when I met Major A. Riddle, owner of the Dunes, a gambling house in Las Vegas, and the author of the just-published *Weekend Gambler's Handbook* (Random House). If those chaps had the book they might have made money on that cruise to Las Vegas. Mr. Riddle—he's not a major; his *name* is Major—tells how to win, or at least how not to lose a lot of money. If you wonder why he gives away secrets, remember that the odds are always with the house. The secret is for you to play the games in which the odds are as close as possible to even.

Well, it's not as simple as all that, of course. But if I ever get invited on a sailing trip to the Dunes, I'll keep away from the roulette and the faro, and I'll stick with Twenty-One and with the Pass-Don't Pass line at craps.

Even Mr. Riddle doesn't know all there is to know. He himself has to take care of an ulcer that developed when the Dunes itself hit a losing streak. On one occasion, things were so bad that he took the advice of a visiting Chinese who said that if he would install a huge searchlight on the roof of the gambling establishment, it would attract the lucky spirits. Mr. Riddle put that light up there and it has worked fine, he says, except for one time when the bulb burned out. He had an auto accident, caught a cold, and someone broke the bank at one of the tables before the electrician fixed the lucky beacon.

AS I WAS READING the Rhodesia *Herald* the other day, a headline caught my

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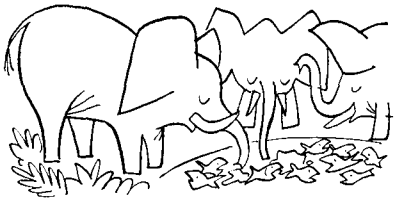
eye: "Tourist Jumps into Ditch to Miss Elephants."

It didn't even rate the front page. All that happened was that "three marauding bulls" at a place called Windhoek started kicking refuse drums about in a hutment area near a rest camp. They walked over some of the huts, flattening them. Then they did the same to a garage and to the motor car in it. The rascals found a reservoir filled with fish, stuck their trunks in it, and sucked out all the water. "Now



what?" they thought. They stared at the tourist. He wisely jumped into a ditch ten feet deep.

That's what rates page four in Rhodesia.

IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, Jon Cornin tried to telephone to his wife at the restaurant where she has breakfast every day. Neither the cashier, the manager, nor the waitresses knew anyone named Cornin. Finally Cornin cried desperately, "She's the one who orders one four-minute egg, a slice of rye toast, and coffee!"

They called her to the phone immediately.

TALK ABOUT local angles! The Boston *Herald* told about the busy day when Mayor Collins gave his annual address to the council. It was also the day the council failed in six ballots to elect a president. As the Boston paper declared, there was "a hub bub of activities."

GURNEY WILLIAMS reports that a scientist was trying to produce an abadile. He crossed an abalone with a crocodile. But the experiment went wrong and he got stuck with a crocabalone.

TWO ITEMS FROM THE INNER SANCTUM:

1. John Ciardi revealed to the San Diego *Union*'s Don Freeman that after the war he came home and had two job offers. "One was from an ad agency to be a copywriter at $9,000 a year," John recalled. "The other was from Harvard to teach for the princely sum of $3,000 a year. I picked the teaching job, naturally."

In other words, two roads diverged in a wood, and John—he took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.

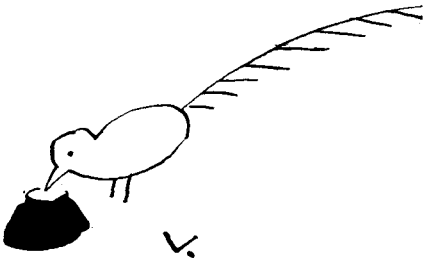
2. Our science editor, John Lear, had his wallet stolen recently, which proved that there are some professionals not yet thrown out of work by automation. Further than that, however, the incident cast light on the bureaucratic mind. Lear got his moneyless wallet back a few days later in a manila envelope carrying the official stamp of the United States Post Office. Also enclosed was "N.Y. Inq. Form 69," which chastised Lear as follows:

"The enclosure, without addressed wrapper, was found loose in the mails and therefore could not be delivered. We urge you to wrap securely, address plainly, zone your mail, include your return address in upper left corner, mail early in the day. Robert K. Christenberry, Postmaster."

WRITING ABOUT John Ciardi's choice of professions reminded me of the joke about the woman tourist in Maine who came to a fork in the road where signs to Portland pointed both ways. (Why is it that jokes illustrating the Maine character are always based on an outsider asking directions?) The lady called to a down-Easter who was standing nearby.

"Does it make any difference which road I take to Portland?" she asked.

"Not to me," he said.



AARON STOOKEY, proprietor of the general store in Shawnee Mission, Kansas, tells me that a woman came in and said she wanted to buy a thermometer.

"What kind?" Stookey asked. "Centigrade," she replied. "It's such a good brand." JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1519)

KNEBEL (AND) BAILEY:
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY

There were few people on Pennsylvania Avenue, for Washington, unlike Paris or London, withdraws into itself after sunset. It is a habit that Europeans patronize but which Americans feel lends a kind of lonely dignity to their capital.

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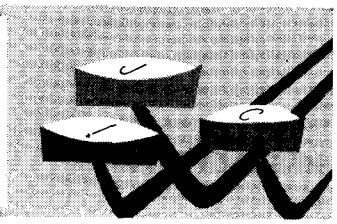
Manner of Speaking



YES, WOW! At the time of the Brinks Robbery in Boston, my friend, the late Merrill Moore, pointed out that the robbers had worked themselves into a psychological trap that would eventually destroy them. They had won a championship in crime. Their championship belt was on display in all the world's Hall of Fame, the golden achievement of their lives. And yet *there was no one they could tell about it!* Not Tantalus in Hell, Dr. Moore argued, could have been more torn between the actuality of the luscious fruit and his inability to grasp it.

I knew exactly what he meant, for in another, though not necessarily crazier world, it had happened to me. True, it does not seem to be quite the same situation now, but it did once, for the scale was both smaller and larger then—smaller in fact perhaps, but larger as it appeared to me at the time. It happened in my second-grade classroom.

In that small, naive, and confused world, teacher was a giant, an Authority, and a self-evident intellect. My mother (my father was dead) had no book learning, but she revered it and managed to send me to school with something like a sense of awe. In awe of my first grade teacher, in fact, I had quietly foregone my own name. "See-*yard*-ee" she pronounced it on my first day—an ugly sound to my ear. I knew the sound of my one name: it was *Char*-dee (let that approximate the proper Italian pronunciation). But it simply did not occur to me that teacher could be wrong. I bowed and accepted what I did not understand. So all the way through school I took the name she had given me for use out of doors and had my own name only at home. When, later, I moved to the Middle West, where no one knew me, my first joy was in reclaiming my own name for outdoor use.

There was, I submit, *authority* in that world. To be sure, the squirming and wool-gathering of small boys, then as now, was its own principle in nature. So it was that I found myself daydreaming during a reading lesson in the second grade while someone across the room droned on from the reader. It was, I recall, one of the fairy tales and one I had read more than once, and beyond that I was somewhere in space.

Suddenly I heard my name being called. I had been caught daydreaming and I was potentially in trouble. My book wasn't even turned to the right page. Somehow I was able to summon back the last words of the droner before me and, taking a chance, I stood up, looked at the book as if I were reading, and recited from memory what I thought came next. It could have been nine hours later that the teacher said, "Very well, you may sit down."

I did, with no sense at first but of relief. And suddenly I realized I had just pulled off the coup of my life! I had done it without a mistake! I had bluffed it through. Above all, *I had fooled the teacher!*

And as suddenly, but with an infinite, dismal feeling of loneliness, I realized no one would ever believe me! My soul cried out "I did it!" to all the universe, and there was no one, to the last reaches of space, who would believe me!

I AM telling this story primarily to Ruth E. Welcyng of Duanesburg, New York, who finds that she has solved a literary puzzle that goes back to the Middle Ages, and who can find no one to shout back a consoling, ego-lifting "Wow!" She has all but solved nothing less than the riddle of the sestina, of which she quotes the *Britannica* as saying, "What symbolism, if any, this rigid form contains, has been lost."

"Nevertheless," she adds, "the form exists, and poets, including Swinburne, didn't use it. They just thought they did."

The sestina is a poem written in six six-line stanzas rhymed *abcdef, faebdc, cfdabe, ecbfad, deacfb, bdfeca,* and followed by an *envoi* rhymed *bedcfa.* (The letters of this pattern, however, represent not rhymes, but repetitions of the same word: if *a* of stanza one represents "sky", for example, every *a* represents "sky," again, and not a rhyme for it.)

What Mrs. Welcyng has perceived is that the sestina is chain-verse in a regular pattern whose key is 6-1-5-2-4-3. Thus, the second stanza starts with the sixth rhyme of the first, following it with the first, fifth, second, fourth, and third. The third stanza then rearranges the pattern of the second according to

(*Continued on page* 38)

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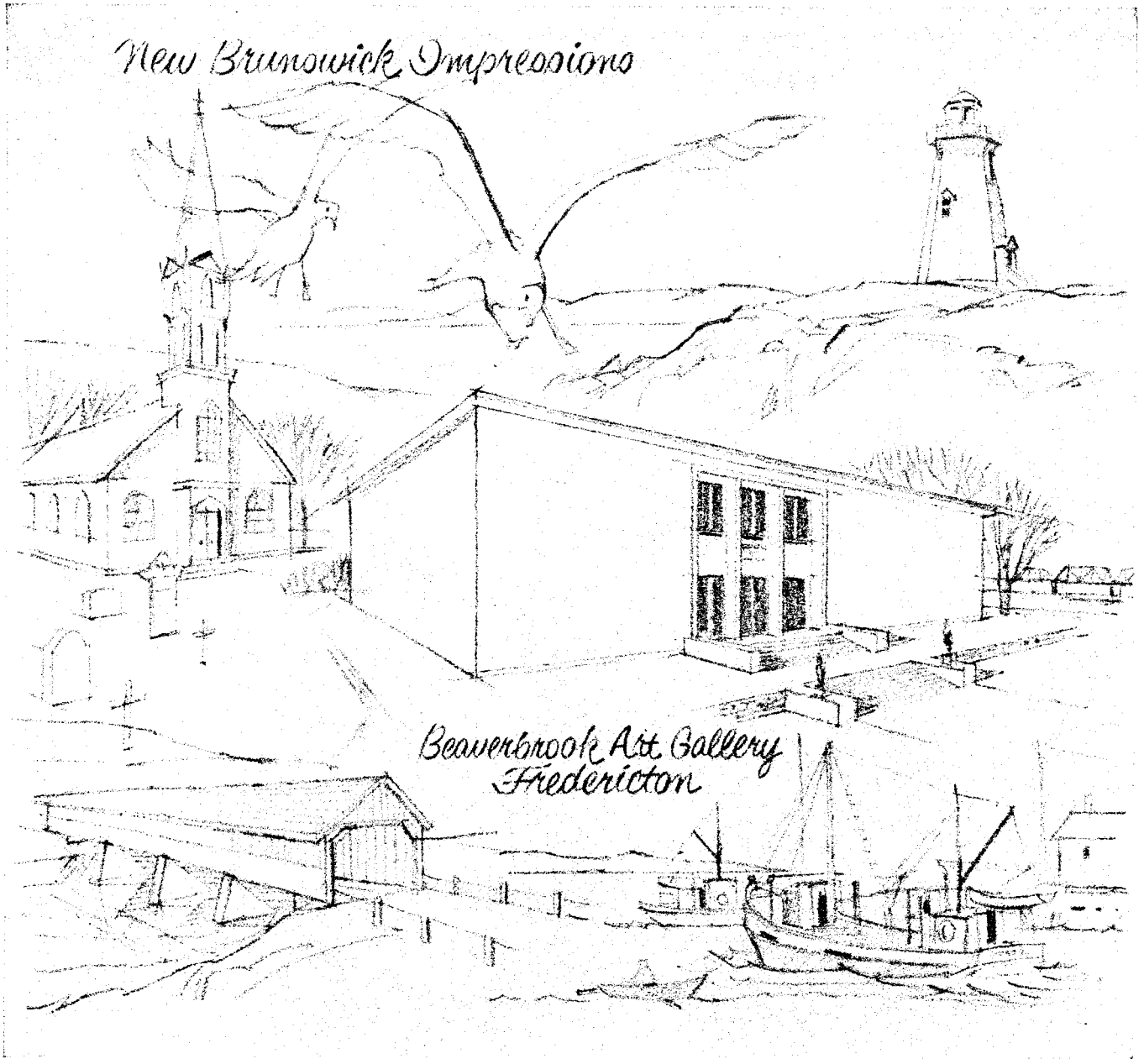

September Rendezvous...

This September, as the maples turn their brilliant reds, golds and yellows, Fredericton, New Brunswick's capital, will be the mecca of the western world's art connoisseurs. Here, in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, will go on display an exhibition of contemporary paintings by internationally known artists—sponsored by the Sir James Dunn Foundation.

150 painters of all schools and nationalities have been invited to take part. Their selection was made by a committee headed by Lady Dunn and including, among others, Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B., Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, Mr. Gordon Washburn, until recently organizer of the Carnegie International and Mr. Alfred Barr, director of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Six prizes totalling $30,000.00 will be awarded. The judging committee will consist of Mr. Andrew Ritchie, keeper of the Art Gallery at Yale University; British art collector, historian and critic, Mr. Douglas Cooper, Mr. Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's, London, England, and Mr. John Richardson, organizer of the exhibition.

This internationally significant art event which will be officially opened to the public on the 7th of September can provide the highlight of a glorious late-summer vacation in Canada's Picture Province by the Sea.

For further information with details of this and other New Brunswick attractions, you are invited to write direct to R. A. Tweedie, Director, New Brunswick Travel Bureau, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

NEW BRUNSWICK

CANADA'S PICTURE PROVINCE

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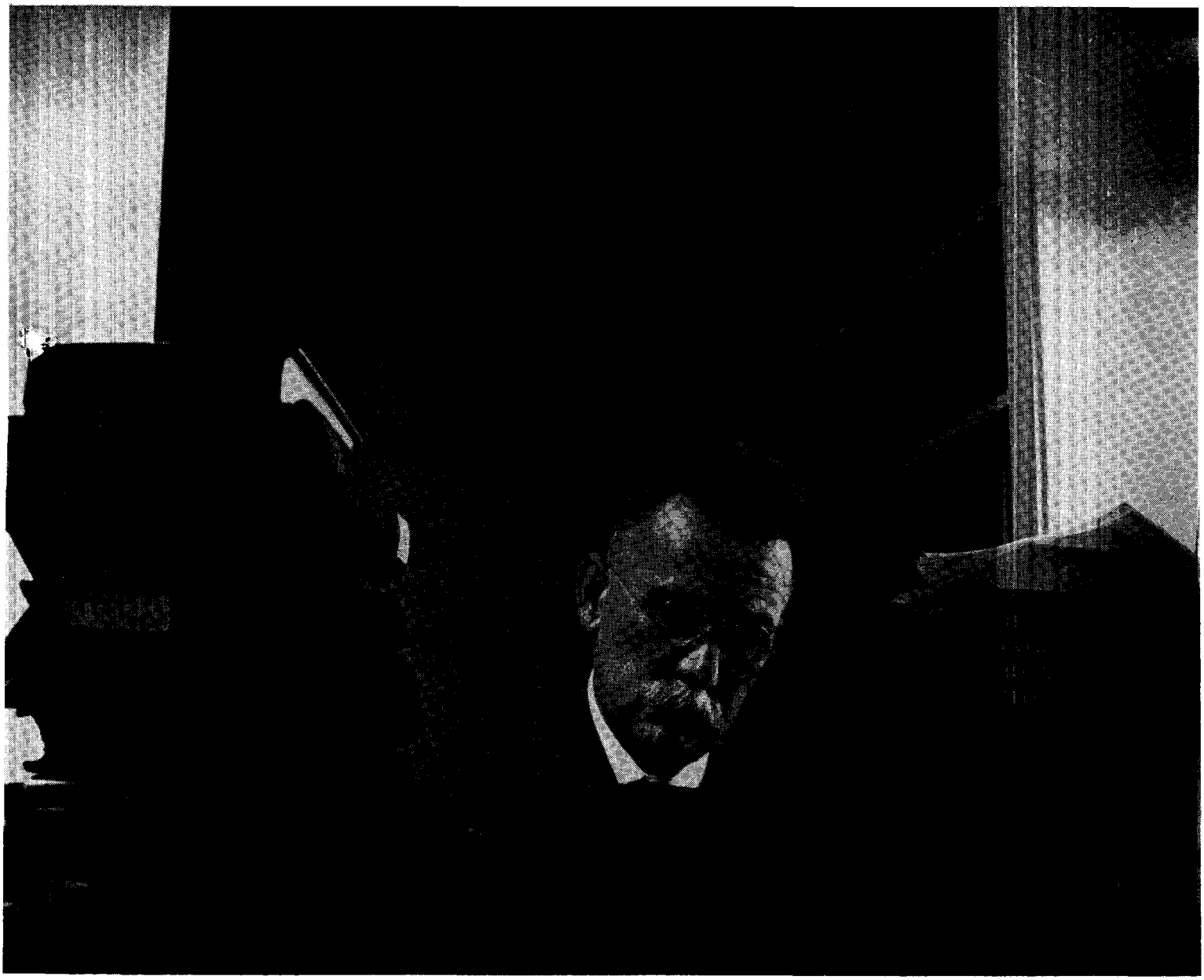

—*Balkin (Pix).*

VAN WYCK BROOKS: A CAREER IN RETROSPECT

By MALCOLM COWLEY

FOR HIMSELF Van Wyck Brooks, who died earlier this month, had only one ambition from the days when he went to high school in Plainfield, New Jersey. He wanted to be a writer, and he knew almost from the beginning what kind of writer: not a novelist, not a poet, but a critic. Soon his private ambition developed into a public and largely unselfish one. That was for two good reasons: because he couldn't hope to become a critic of stature unless he had new, important, preferably native works to criticize, and because he couldn't succeed in his personal aim unless he helped to create an atmosphere in which other young writers might succeed. Thus, his career would depend in two ways on the general fate of American letters.

That fate seemed dubious in the years 1904-07, when Brooks was at Harvard. It was a time when Eastern universities regarded themselves as trading posts beleaguered on the edge of Indian country, where they offered a store of cultural goods to the younger natives. Almost all the goods were freighted in from Europe. Students received the impression that there had once been an American literature of sorts, but that it lay "a generation or more behind us," as the poet G. E. Woodberry told his Columbia classes. When Barrett Wendell of Harvard wrote a book about it, he made his readers feel—so William Dean Howells said—that American literature was "not worth the attention of people meaning to be critical." Our past was thus abolished as a field of study—there were practically no courses that dealt at length with American writers—while our literary present was dismissed as a period without much claim to a scholar's notice.

Harvard in those days was full of aspiring writers, some of whom would become Brooks's lifelong friends. They all wanted to produce enduring works, but they saw little hope of producing them in their native land where all the fruits seemed blighted. One of the aspirants, who looked forward to being

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an art critic, told Brooks in a letter that American criticism was virtually all "broken meat from the European table." The moral he drew was that one should "Sit at the first table, not the second," and he hurried off to Italy, where he planned to emulate Bernard Berenson. Other Harvard friends went to Paris or London or a German university; any city in Europe seemed to have a better climate for writing than New York. In those days Brooks himself believed—he says in his memoirs—"that the only chance an American had to succeed as a writer was to betake himself [to Europe] with all possible speed." He raced through college in three years, then traveled by steerage to England, where he nearly starved as a free-lance journalist and published his first major book at the age of twenty-three.

As soon as the book appeared he went back to New York, in obedience to another and opposite belief that he held at the same time. "I was convinced as well," he says, "that a man without a country could do nothing of importance, that writers must draw sustenance from their own common flesh and blood and that therefore deracination also meant ruin. For me, at that time, the American writer could neither successfully stay *nor* go—he had only two alternatives, the frying-pan and the fire; and the question was therefore how to change the whole texture of life at home so that writers and artists might develop there."

His early ambition, without changing in essence, had found a new goal that would be retained for the rest of his life (though at different times he would follow different paths toward the same destination). Happily, the question he tried to answer was not so broad and futile as it sounds. As a critic, a single dissenting voice, he realized that he couldn't do much "to change the whole texture of life at home." He might, however, do something to change our conception of the writer in America, and the writer's conception of his own task, always with the aim of encouraging himself and others to do better work, the best that was in them. To this aim he devoted himself with admirable consistency and—let it be recorded—with an amazing degree of success.

There is one field in which the success can be measured. When we think of the contempt for American authors, mixed with ignorance about them, that prevailed in universities during the reign of Barrett Wendell; when we contrast it with the reverence for many of the same authors that is now being proclaimed in hundreds of scholarly monographs each year, as well as being revealed statistically by the multiplication of courses in American literature—while living writers share in the glory reflected from the past by being invited to the campus as novelists or poets in residence—we might also remember that Brooks had more to do with creating the new attitude than anyone else in the country. Not a few of the academic critics who attacked him in later years were men whose careers would have been impossible if Brooks had not found them a subject and broken a path they could follow.

I said that he tried different methods of approaching what always remained the same goal. In reality there were only two of the methods, and each of them belonged to a different stage of his career. In the earlier stage, which lasted from 1909 to 1926, he was the prophet of a new literature, almost like Emerson in *The American Scholar*, and his method was a combination of exhortation, admonition, and holding up to scorn. The two famous biographies that he wrote during this period were both of them cautionary tales; they showed the consequences resulting from two different answers to his old question, whether American writers should live abroad or stay at home. In *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920) he presented the example of a great American author who stayed at home and crippled his talent by yielding to native conventions. In *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* (1925) he told the story of another great author who lived abroad and who suffered equally—so Brooks insisted—through losing touch with his own people.

IN later years Brooks revised his book on Mark Twain, but without changing its central judgment of his career. About James he was never sure of having been completely fair, and there was a time when "I was pursued especially," Brooks says, "with nightmares in which Henry James turned great luminous menacing eyes upon me." That was during the prolonged nervous breakdown that he suffered after 1926, when his life became a succession of doctors, nursing homes with barred windows, and dreams of self-annihilation. "I could no longer sleep," he says, "I scarcely sat down for a year, I lived in a Plutonian psychical twilight." When he emerged from this "season in hell," as he calls it in a moving chapter of his memoirs, he was ready at the age of forty-five to start a new career.

Its goal would be the same as in his earlier career; that is, to give us a new picture of the American writer, of what he had done and what he might achieve. But Brooks had changed during his season in hell, and he was now temperamentally unable to follow his earlier method of combining exhortation with admonishment. As for holding up to scorn or writing cautionary tales, both seemed alien to his new character, for the wounds in himself had made him loath to expose the wounds in others. He looked eagerly now for things that he could praise, especially in the lives of earlier American writers who had been long neglected. At the same time his experience in sanitariums had given him—or helped to give—more patience, a stronger sense of discipline, and a new habit of rising early in the morning, never later than six, and going straight to work. He was ready now to move toward his goal by a second method based on patient scholarship.

The five volumes of *Makers and Finders* took him nineteen years to write, or about four years for each volume. During that time he worked eleven or twelve hours a day and read 5,000 books, some of which had not been opened by anyone else for more than half a century. What seems remarkable in this age of collective undertakings is that he did the work unaided, copying out the quotations—to get the feel of a writer's style—reaching his own judgments, and disregarding those of other critics. The manuscript of several thousand pages was written, not typed, in his small, nervous, angular, hard-to-decipher hand, at the rate of never more than a page a day. It was the sort of individual project on a grand scale that has seldom been carried out since the days of the great New England historians.

Though somewhat neglected today, when historical criticism is out of fashion, *Makers and Finders* effected a revolutionary change in our judgment of the American past and hence, I think, in our vision of the future. It will remain for a long time our greatest sustained work of literary scholarship. But the story doesn't end with the completion of the last volume a few days after Brooks's sixty-fifth birthday in February 1951. During the next twelve years he wrote ten more books, some of them very good—especially his life of the painter John Sloan and the first volume of his memoirs—and all conceived in the same spirit as *Makers and Finders*, though not, of course, on the same grand scale. Writing had become a daily need for him, almost like eating and sleeping.

He was disturbed by the attacks on him of many younger critics, and he used to complain that he was an infrared type surviving in an ultra-violet age of pessimism. But he was fortunate in his second marriage, after a lonely time of widowerhood, and he was held almost in reverence by the Connecticut village

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Van Wyck Brooks: A Bibliography

THE WINE OF THE PURITANS (Sisley's, London, 1908). An expatriate Brooks advances two themes that inform his literature: America's need for a "usable past," and its writers' need for native roots.

THE MALADY OF THE IDEAL (A. C. Fifield, London, 1913). Studies the rootlessness of Etienne Pivert de Senancour's hero, Obermann, cites works of Maurice de Guérin, and Henri Amiel. (First American edition published by University of Pennsylvania Press in 1947.)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS: *A Biographical Study* (Mitchell Kennerley, 1914), defines the stages of Symonds's self-arrival.

THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS (Mitchell Kennerley, 1914) hails Wells as an omnicompetent Matthew Arnold of the twentieth century.

AMERICA'S COMING OF AGE (R. W. Huebsch, 1915) decries a stifling "genteel tradition" in life and letters.

LETTERS AND LEADERSHIP (R. W. Huebsch, 1915) dismisses both the neoclassicism of Babbitt and the pragmatism of Dewey as solutions to the divorce between letters and dollars.

THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN (Dutton, 1920) scolds Mrs. Clemens and Howells for shearing Sam of his literary locks.

HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL AND OTHER ESSAYS BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE (R. W. Huebsch, 1920), edited by Brooks.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES (Dutton, 1925) modestly, if clinically, pursues the first international novelist in his own search for roots.

AMERICAN CARAVAN, A YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (Macaulay, New York, 1927), edited by Brooks and others.

EMERSON AND OTHERS (Dutton, 1927) includes essays on the Sage of Concord, Yeats, Bourne, Bierce, Sinclair, Melville, and—again—art's roots in the soil.

LIFE OF EMERSON (Dutton, 1932). The Sage assumes three dimensions in this appreciation based largely on his *Journals*.

SKETCHES IN CRITICISM (Dutton, 1932) decries "sterile aestheticism," determinism, and American "rootlessness," and urges artists to serve social ends.

THE JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD, 1883-1932 (Houghton Mifflin, 1933), edited by Brooks.

THREE ESSAYS ON AMERICA (Dutton, 1934) calls American literature "a youthful promise never redeemed, . . . a sickly plant."

ON LITERATURE TODAY (Dutton, 1934) appeals to the despondent artists of *l'entre deux guerres* to get out of their "dark little pocket" and write in the light of challenge.

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND (Dutton, 1936), ultimately second in the series of five studies of American letters, "Makers and Finders," surveys the Transcendentalists, Hawthorne, Stowe, Holmes, others.

NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER, 1865-1915 (Dutton, 1940), ultimately fourth in the "Makers and Finders" series, sweeps through the era of Henry Adams, Henry James, William Howells, and Horatio Alger.

OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON (Dutton, 1941) obliquely presents Mr. Brooks's preferences, politics, and pet peeves.

ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS BY CONSTANCE ROURKE, edited and with a preface by Brooks (Harcourt, Brace, 1942) supports Brooks's *Leitmotif*.

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING (Dutton, 1944), assigned first place in the "Makers and Finders" series, embraces the era of Poe, Cooper, and Bryant.

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN (Dutton, 1947), number three in "Makers and Finders," surveys the times of Harte, Twain, Cable, and the entitled masters.

A CHILMARK MISCELLANY (Dutton, 1948) distills day-thoughts and informal judgments on people and books.

THE CONFIDENT YEARS: 1885-1915 (Dutton, 1952) concludes the "Makers and Finders" series, broad-brushing Dreiser, Sinclair, O'Neill, Lewis, and others.

THE WRITER IN AMERICA (Dutton, 1953) roasts the "New Critics," offers a credo for writers: roots in the soil.

SCENES AND PORTRAITS: MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH (Dutton, 1954), the first of an autobiographic trilogy, shuttles from people to ideas from the late 1880s to 1914.

JOHN SLOAN: A PAINTER'S LIFE (Dutton, 1955) intimately portrays an artist friend and his expanding American world.

OUR LITERARY HERITAGE (with photos by Otto Bettmann) (Dutton, 1956) conducts a pictorial tour of literary America.

HELEN KELLER: SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT (Dutton, 1956) canonizes a heroine-friend.

DAYS OF THE PHOENIX: THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES I REMEMBER (Dutton, 1957), second in the autobiographic trilogy, reminisces, reflects, and presents vignettes of, among others, Cowley, Dos Passos, Mencken.

DREAM OF ARCADIA: AMERICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN ITALY, 1760-1915 (Dutton, 1958) sketches pilgrims who sought art's ideal milieu in Hadrian's shadow: Berenson, James, Story, and others.

FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK (Dutton, 1958) offers epigrams for the bedside, urbane, caustic, ironic, and kind.

HOWELLS: HIS LIFE AND WORLD (Dutton, 1959) closes in on a young poet from Ohio turned eminent traveling salesman of letters.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN: MY POST-MERIDIAN YEARS (Dutton, 1961) concludes an Olympic autobiographic trilogy, urges confidence to make Utopia once again credible.

FENOLLOSA AND HIS CIRCLE, WITH OTHER ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY (Dutton, 1962) hails the American who "discovered" the Nō play for Japan and chummed around with Lafcadio Hearn.

A NEW ENGLAND READER (Atheneum, 1962), edited by Brooks, anthologizes New England literature from William Bradford to Robert Lowell.

WRITERS AT WORK: THE PARIS REVIEW INTERVIEWS, SECOND SERIES (Viking, May 15, 1963). In an introduction Brooks considers similarities and differences in works of Pound, Pasternak, Frost, others.

—WILSON SULLIVAN.

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What About a Peace Corps Spirit at Home?

Can the national service program, now before Congress, offer leadership for a grass-roots attack on America's urgent domestic problems?

By ROBERT F. KENNEDY, *Attorney General of the United States.*

THE national service program called for by President Kennedy is designed to strike at America's most urgent human needs in two important ways: First, a corps of skilled, idealistic men and women could bring the spirit of the Peace Corps to our own slums, migrant labor camps, mental institutions, and other areas of need. Second, the example set by the corpsmen could stimulate millions of other Americans to begin part-time volunteer work in their own communities.

The proposal, now before Congress, has aroused controversy, just as the idea of the Peace Corps aroused controversy three years ago. Opponents of the program have said it isn't needed, or that corpsmen would be doing jobs that should be done by local communities.

In my opinion, those who say there is no need for increased volunteer work in this nation have buried their heads in the sand. Our unmet human needs are so immense and pressing that they shame our national prosperity and endanger our position as a beacon to the aspiring nations of the world.

To those who say the problems should be met at the local level, the answer is that the Administration agrees entirely. The program is intended to challenge every community to take a hard look at its own needs and to find new, effective ways to meet them.

Under the national service program, some communities would ask corpsmen to help start new programs. The corpsmen would go only at local invitation, to work on locally designed projects under local supervision. The community would be expected to supply local volunteers to work side by side with the corpsmen. When enough local volunteers had come forward to finish the project, the corpsmen would move on to another assignment.

Other communities would not want corpsmen. If, however, they started their own programs, staffed by local volunteers, they would have answered the President's challenge. By demonstrating what can be done, the corpsmen would be able to benefit communities they never set foot in.

The work of the corpsmen would, of course, be highly visible. If they made mistakes, the nation would hear about them. At the same time, the spotlight would shine upon their achievements, and upon the dark, often forgotten corners of human need in which they work.

The corpsmen could give these problems the visibility they should have. I think there are housewives, students, senior citizens, and others in every community who, if given a dramatic reminder of the needs in mental hospitals, orphanages, and settlement houses just a few miles from their homes, would be moved to devote some of their free time to help meet those needs.

The first step in the development of the national service program came last November when the President appointed a Cabinet-level committee to study the need for it. The committee, of which I was a member, soon came face to face with a cruel paradox: Although ours is the richest, most productive society the world has ever known, one-sixth of our people live in poverty and deprivation. In the midst of our prosperity there is tragic need.

Much has been done to meet this need. Social workers, teachers, policemen, public and private agencies, and millions of other Americans, serving part-time in their communities, have been doing excellent work for many years. Despite these efforts, however, the problems continue to grow as our society grows and changes.

Here are some of our nation's needs:

►More than 5,000,000 Americans—3 per cent of our population—are mentally retarded. With rare exceptions, the institutions for these people are helplessly overcrowded and understaffed. More than half of the mental patients in state hospitals receive no active treatment of any kind.

►In the United States today migrant workers and their families number more than 2,000,000. The average annual income for migrant families is $1,000. Decent standards of living are unknown to the majority of them, and future prospects for their children, who have never had a real home or a normal education, are poor indeed.

►The average life expectancy of an American Indian is forty-two years. Living conditions among the Indians are among the worst in the nation.

►Half our nation's poverty is rural poverty. In the past twelve years more than 1,000,000 people have moved out of one rural area—the eight-state—148,-

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000-square-mile Appalachian region — because they could not survive there. Similar conditions exist throughout rural America.

►The social dynamite of our urban slums is becoming more and more explosive. Millions of migrants from rural areas are moving into urban slums each year. They come seeking jobs and a better life. All too often they find only hostility, unemployment, substandard housing, and other pressures that push them toward social alienation, delinquency, and crime.

These are some of the problems that a national service program could combat. There is no doubt that there are volunteers to man this program. When our committee sent questionnaires to college students and senior citizens to gauge their interest in such a program, more than 4,000 senior citizens and 10,000 students at sixty-five colleges and universities responded. Of the students, 88 per cent approved the idea of the program and 71 per cent said they would join or consider joining. Of the senior citizens, 82 per cent approved the program and 57 per cent said they would join or consider joining.

It is also clear that the program would have all the requests for corpsmen it could handle. Within two months of the first mention of the program, more than forty model projects were submitted to our study committee.

Here are some of these proposals:

►State and local agencies in a tri-county area of central California propose using corpsmen to work with migrant laborers and their families. Under professional guidance, the corpsmen would serve in education, health, and community development programs. Qualified corpsmen would teach night classes for both children and adults. Others would teach health measures to the migrant families and refer sick children to local clinics.

►The New York City Board of Education would like to use corpsmen to help in its schools. Jobs would include tutoring both failing and gifted students, working in school-community programs, and encouraging dropouts to return to school.

►The head of a state mental hospital in Tennessee submitted a proposal to use corpsmen in work with the mentally retarded. This hospital director estimates that up to 25 per cent of the 1,500 inmates in his hospital might improve and be released if there were volunteers to give personal attention to their rehabilitation. In addition to group work with patients, qualified corpsmen could administer tests, work in occupational and physical therapy, and assist in administrative work.

►A settlement house in Washington would like to use corpsmen in its work with families. Directed by the settlement house staff, the corpsmen would tutor children after school, work with dropouts, and inform families about hospitals, schools, housing, and job opportunities.

Two of the communities that submitted these model projects have already had encouraging results. As a result of newspaper stories on the proposals, the local agencies were swamped with local volunteers who said they would serve part-time whether or not the national program came into being.

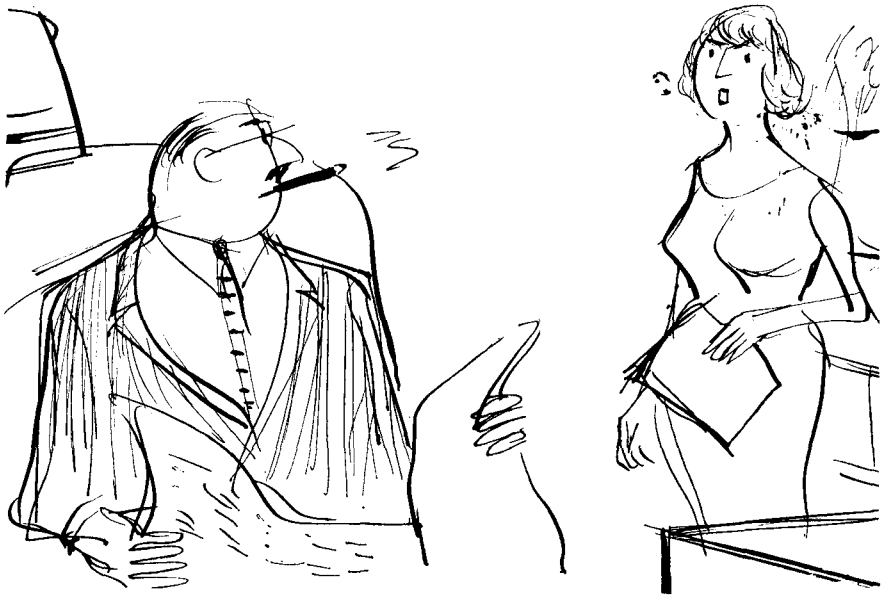
Our study committee assumed from the first that a national service program could not succeed, and should not even be attempted, without strong support from the many organizations already working in every phase of social service. We met or corresponded with several hundred leading organizations; the response has been overwhelmingly enthusiastic.

More than 100 leading national organizations have endorsed the proposed program. They include the National Social Welfare Assembly, the American Federation of Teachers, the NAACP, the Council on Social Work Education, the Executive Committee of the AFL-CIO, the National Association for Mental Health, the National Council of Senior Citizens, the National Student Association, the National Congress of American Indians, and several Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish service organizations. These people, who are fighting the front-line battles, know how desperately volunteer workers are needed. They share our belief that the corpsmen will not only bring their own energies to bear on the problems, but will also inspire others. Furthermore, it is likely that a year in the service program will lead many young people to enter careers in social work, teaching, nursing, and other fields that suffer from critical shortages of trained personnel.

The future of the national service program is now up to Congress. The legislation calls for a carefully selected corps to reach a maximum strength of 5,000 men and women over a three-year period. The corpsmen would enlist for a year, and would receive subsistence but no pay. The first year of the program, if 1,000 volunteers were put in the field, would cost about $5,000,000—a small investment for what could be the beginning of a new national effort against human need.

John Donne once wrote that no man is an island; we are all part of the mainland of humanity. The migrant child who gets no education, the slum youth who can find no job, the lonely child in a mental institution—we are all involved with these people. Their successes are our successes, and their tragedies our tragedies.

The national service program can help these people, and it can show the world that America does not forget its own needy and neglected citizens. We must not ignore the fact that, as President Kennedy has said, "We shall be judged more by what we do at home than what we preach abroad."



"It's a good thing the world needs people like you, or you'd be an utter failure!"

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The Genie and the Dinosaur

THERE WAS a tone of unmistakable heartbreak and even tragedy in President Kennedy's reply, at his May 8th news conference, when he was asked about the prospects for a nuclear test ban. The situation at the moment, he said, was grim. There had been no progress in the talks at Geneva and time was running out. And when he looked beyond the failure of a test ban, it was like peering into a cosmic furnace. He foresaw the spread of nuclear weapons to various other nations. And then? Then, he said, the genie will be out of the bottle for fair, and the world may never be able to get him back in again.

What was most striking about the President's response, however, was the seeming air of personal helplessness with which he answered the question. He sounded more like a historian or an observer than a man engaged within an inch of his life in the deadliest game ever played on this planet. It was as though he were objectively interpreting events, rather than intimately and decisively controlling them.

The President's apparent mood of helplessness may be an accurate reflection of the position in which he finds himself. It is not only Mr. Khrushchev's refusal to go beyond three inspections that makes for Mr. Kennedy's feeling of near-paralysis on the question. At least as important is the situation inside the United States. Any test-ban treaty would have to go before the Senate for ratification—and the President is by no means certain the Senate would accept the seven inspections he has offered, let alone the three proposed by the Soviets. Even more serious, perhaps, is the absence of an informed and active public opinion on the issue. For only prodigious public pressure, combined with the full weight of Presidential advocacy, could produce the two-thirds vote required for ratification.

THE President knows that the failure to achieve a test-ban treaty would jeopardize the military security of the United States and result eventually in a net gain for the Soviet Union. Paradoxically, however, the principal opposition to the President at home comes from those who are identified with the hard-line, anti-Soviet approach. It is difficult for this group to comprehend that old concepts of military security no longer hold in a nuclear age. The fact that war has now become an instrument of mutual suicide and possibly even global disaster has made no dent in the thinking of the hard-liners. They cannot quite grasp the brand-new truth that American security no longer depends primarily on raw military power but on a workable way of ending the arms race, backed by a strong world organization. And they have yet to perceive that their past successes in blocking a test ban, when the United States could have had one, have redounded sharply to the advantage of the Soviet Union, which has used its tests to narrow the nuclear gap between itself and the United States.

THE problem, therefore, is not solely how to keep the genie from escaping from the bottle. The problem is what to do about the dinosaur mentality in our midst. Survival with freedom today imposes the severest strain on the mechanism of human thinking yet to come before the species. The governments of this world will not be able to keep this generation from being incinerated in a nuclear furnace unless they perceive the differences between tradition and innovation, between habit and insight, between a mediocre acceptance of existence and a full awareness of the preciousness and possibilities of life.

If the President of the United States is weighed down by genies bursting out of bottles and dinosaurs already prancing on the lawn, the antidote will have to come not from court wizards but from an alert, rational, and responsible populace. If enough people can somehow mobilize enough energy to communicate their concern, then, at least, the terrible loneliness of the Presidency on this important issue may be eased. And a substantial combination may be put into the field where the important decisions will be fought out, as is proper in a pluralistic society.

Ultimately, the future of the nation rests where it began—in the ability of its citizens to stay on top of the big issues, retaining those men who serve them best and throwing out the others. Right now, no political penalty is attached to failure to achieve a test ban or to any of the major undertakings concerned with world peace. The reversal of this process could mark both an upturn in the national prospects and the beginning of hopefulness all around.

Jefferson's admonition on the relationship between government and people on critical matters has been quoted so many times that it has become something of a political chestnut. Even so, there is no better way of saying it:

"I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves and, if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome direction, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STRATEGY FOR SECURITY

YOUR SPECIAL SECTION by Seymour Melman and his colleagues, containing the analysis of the military budget and the projected program for American security in terms of unfettering our great capacities [*SR*, May 4], is a brilliant feat of writing and editing. . . . This, together with N.C.'s inspiring editorial on the Pope's encyclical and the pertinent excerpts from that document, can be a great weapon in our common cause.

RUBIN FALK.

New York, N.Y.

"A STRATEGY FOR AMERICAN SECURITY" was a wonderfully convincing statement of the redirection our lives and efforts will have to take to preserve the peace. Education, religion, and all the forces that aspire for good in the world will be not defeated if we keep beckoning to man to return to his senses. I am writing my Congressmen to recommend the article to them.

C. RICHARD VAN WIE.

Schoharie, N.Y.

TERENCE MCCARTHY makes a very telling point—and one that needs much telling—when he shows that the American economy is indeed weakened, not strengthened, by our military expenditures abroad. However, his case deteriorates when he emphasizes (implicitly by discussing it first) that it is a matter of too much government expenditure financed by debt.

That myth reflects the general infantile thinking about economic affairs that our citizenry is subject and subjected to. The strong point implicit in his argument is that our military expenditures abroad have created a balance-of-payments situation so critical that normal fiscal and monetary means to regenerate the domestic economy cannot be applied for fear of further dollar and gold flight. Therefore the domestic economy weakens and weakens. Military expenditures abroad thus fail to prop the economy; in fact, they impede the very propping the economy requires.

STANLEY K. SHEINBAUM,
Center for the Study
of Democratic Institutions.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

WHY DO THEY WIN?

I WAS INTERESTED in the article "Bobby Fischer—Best in Chess?" [*SR*, Apr. 27]. It was disappointing, however, to find a repetition of accusations against Russian grandmasters that first appeared in an article by Fischer in *Sports Illustrated* last August.

The timing is particularly unfortunate, as two of the Russians will be participating in a grandmaster tournament in Los Angeles in July, and a team of Russians has been invited to New York in June.

I replied to the original Fischer article in the form of an open letter to him, published last September in my column in the Los Angeles *Times*. I believe this is an accurate presentation of the issues in the controversy.*

ISAAC KASHDAN,
Chess Editor,
Los Angeles *Times*.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE PUNCTUATION PROBLEM

IN RESPONSE TO Theodora Ward's letter [*SR*, Apr. 27] concerning my theory of Emily Dickinson's punctuation, I regret that I could not explore all the important and interesting facets in the brief space of my article [*SR*, Mar. 30]. For instance, I could have pointed out not only that the poet carries her synthesis of rhetorical notation and grammatical punctuation over to her letters (so often, in their metaphor and control, scarcely far from poetry), but also that even her signature may sustain their "alive" quality. Thus she may close with a "lilt" (Emily/), on a more "solemn" note (Emily—), or with the definite "assertion" denoted by her "descending" punctuation mark.

But to conclude that my theory implies that the poet is simply directing the reading of her lines "to an audience" is making too narrow an interpretation. Emily Dickinson is punctuating in a far more subtle sense than any of her elocution tutors or earlier readers would have dreamed.

EDITH PERRY STAMM,
University of New Mexico.

Albuquerque, N.M.

*Mr.. Kashdan wrote in part: "What about the Russians drawing so many games with each other? Do you really believe, Bobby, that this is why three Russians finished ahead of you in Curacao? Remember that every drawn game loses half a point for each player. If the Russians wanted to be certain of victory, they should have arranged to have one of them win most of the games in their interplay, rather than to level out by drawing."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Don't you think, Mr. Churchill, that 'Blood, toil tears, and *perspiration*' would sound more refined?"

COMMON CAUSE

AS A PROTESTANT MINISTER and a sociologist long convinced that world peace and disarmament will come only through some system of enforceable world law, I heartily welcomed Pope John's recent appeal to mankind "for an end to the arms race and for the United Nations to be given the structure and means to safeguard world peace." If this commendable challenge is now followed by sustained, effective community education and action at the grass roots, Roman Catholics could make a truly great contribution in man's race to avoid nuclear disaster. . . .

We've heard a lot recently about interchurch cooperation and unity. Why don't we seize this opportunity for all major religions in America to join hands in a mighty surge to conquer war by establishing world law and a disarmed world? Pope John opened the door to maximum cooperation by addressing his encyclical to all men everywhere. Why can't we temporarily shelve theological and liturgical differences and proceed without delay in a powerful unified program. . . .?

By losing ourselves in so great a common cause, we might discover that in the process we have made important strides toward church unity.

(The Rev.) RAY E. SHORT,
Associate Professor
of Sociology and Religion,
University of Dubuque.

Dubuque, Iowa

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Northwestward Ho!

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL.

CERTAINLY the opening of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre is an important landmark in theatre history. It is important as an example of what a large urban community can do to enrich its life. And just as the Twin Cities recognized the feasibility of the project after seeing the even harder-won achievements in Stratford, Ontario, in Dallas, Texas, in Washington, D.C., and in New York City's Central Park, so other cities will benefit from the results here.

But it is also significant as a part of the nationwide spread of superior professional theatre. In Sir Tyrone Guthrie Minneapolis has a director who insists upon high standards, and who brings with him Tanya Moiseiwitsch, one of the world's great stage designers, and a corps of technicians who guarantee that the production standard here will be as high as anywhere in the world. And, attracted by such excellence, many stars of our stage will be eager to spend a season performing here.

A third, more special importance of this theatre lies in the experimental extension of its open stage beyond the design of the stage at Stratford, Ontario. It would have been quite easy and safe for architect Ralph Rapson to copy that exciting and beautiful theatre with its symmetrical shape. Instead, this $2,500,000 theatre has tried to discover whether there may be some virtue in an asymmetrical seating arrangement and an irregular stage with a special geography of its own.

The theatre may take several seasons to evaluate fully. While the building itself, with its gay assortment of 1,437 brightly colored seats wrapped 180 degrees around the polyhedral tongue of its stage, is exciting on first entrance, one realizes after a few hours that considerable modification will be necessary before this theatre is as effective as its Canadian predecessor. For instance, because of the installation of bright aisle lights in the steeply pitched steps at one side of the auditorium, half the audience sees the plays against a distracting background of glare. Similarly, the polished, light-colored stage floor competes with the actors for our attention. And the architect's ceiling of permanent gray "clouds" creates an oppressive climate. Furthermore, asymetry of the stage turns it into a too specific setting, instead of suggesting an area that the audience might imagine as a number of poetic locations. And for some reason the scenes played against the back wall or on the little balcony seem terribly remote.

For its inaugural presentation, Guthrie has chosen to challenge pretentiousness by staging an unusual and uncut *Hamlet*. In it he seems to have discovered that Shakespeare was not Bacon, not Marlowe, but Arthur Wing Pinero. For the actors not only appear in Edwardian costumes, but the play itself is performed in an acting style that resembles the effete and unabashedly impassioned manner in which actors of that period performed. While certain moments gain something from this, its total effect is a reduction in the size of the characters and in the scope of Shakespeare's play.

Claudius, as played by Lee Richardson, begins interestingly as a hypocrite overly benign in public but abrupt and vicious in private. Over the course of the evening, however, he becomes gradually more comic, like one of those bumbling British dolts Nigel Bruce used to create so well. Robert Pastene's mannered Polonius is all fashion-conscious swagger. Graham Brown's Horatio is so inadequate as to make us suspect that Hamlet has put his confidence in the wrong man. And Ellen Geer's Ophelia is colorless when she is sane, and embarrassingly hysterical when she is mad. Of the others, only Jessica Tandy's Gertrude, with her properly terror-stricken response to Hamlet's chiding, rises to the vividness we expect from this play.

As the Prince, George Grizzard gives a disappointingly flat performance far below the sort of thing he has achieved in his roles on Broadway and with the APA repertory last season. Perhaps he and his director have concentrated too much on modulating the portrayal in a soft-spoken gliding style that presents Hamlet as a man of taste in an effete court where wisdom and justice have been replaced by artificial class-conscious decorum. Only very occasionally, such as when he tells the king that the player-usurper poisons but "in jest," does Mr. Grizzard show us flashes of his magnificent brand of sarcasm, making us wonder whether a Hamlet sustained in that vein might not have been remarkable.

The principal virtues of this *Hamlet* are shown in certain comic moments, such as the one in which Claudius, like the rest of us, cannot keep straight which is Rosencranz and which is Guildenstern; or in romantic byplay such as the meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia when they suddenly embrace with a lush, forbidden passion; or in theatrically imaginative inventions such as the use of old-fashioned spotlights on stands for the play-within-a-play scene, not only to emphasize the difference between the true and the false drama, but to blind the King suddenly and ironically when he turns smack into them and shouts "Give me some light!" Nor can we help admiring the way Guthrie has staged Claudius's death with a spectacular backward fall against an overturning couch that seems to break his neck.

But *Hamlet* is not *Getting Gertie's Husband*. And while Guthrie's inventive,sure-handed staging, and audacity do make us see the play's events freshly, they are cumulatively self-defeating.

THE second production, Molière's *The Miser* in a new translation by George Graveley, has been directed by that excellent master of comic technique, Douglas Campbell. Mr. Campbell and actor Hume Cronyn, who is himself fantastically talented in the art of constructing the details of slightly ridiculous comic characters, throw dramatic tension to the winds and collaborate in producing a spoofing phantasmagoria of slapstick and commedia dell' arte. When, for instance, Harpagon sneezes, he is so miserly that he tries to catch the vapor and return it to his nose. And the rest of the cast, which features Rita Gam, Claude Woolman, Clayton Corzatte, and John Cromwell, never seems to stand still for a second, as, caparisoned in Miss Moiseiwitsch's marvelously excessive costumes, they romp stylishly through a plot intrigue that obviously doesn't matter. And a most compelling and colorful performance is furnished by Zoe Caldwell as a Cockney matchmaker. The result is an unforgettable portrait of the absurdity of miserliness, and a kidding of the old comedy that is most uproarious in its final scenes.

While the achievement in these first two productions is in some respects disappointing, it is impressive in its craftsmanlike detail and its refreshingly irreverent approach. For what any "cultural" project has most to fear is civic-minded stuffiness, inhibition, and pretentiousness. That Sir Tyrone has started things off in such a merrily audacious way will, let us hope, set a precedent that should serve this theatre well through the ensuing years. With luck, those of us who visit and revisit this new theatrical capital will know we will always be entertained no matter what the play may be.

—HENRY HEWES.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Hi-Fi Hollow of Dr. Fifield

LILLIAN ROSS has a way of getting herself talked about. There was her *New Yorker* profile of Hemingway, painfully revealing if not deliberately malicious. Then there were her pieces about Hollywood, which were not calculated to win friends for her in that part of the nation. And recently she has been publishing a series of short stories about doctors and analysts and their patients, and again one has felt that she was walking not on egg shells but on human toes.

Vertical and Horizontal (Simon & Schuster, $4) is a collection of these stories. Apparently the publisher would be glad to pass it off as a novel, since it deals with a number of related characters; but several of the chapters or episodes are completely independent of others, and one could only judge it harshly as a novel, whereas the stories as stories are fine.

The central character is Dr. Spencer Fifield, whom Miss Ross crisply describes on the first page:

> His patients—except for the expendable troublemakers, who become disgruntled with every doctor within a few months or so—paid their bills, and Spencer, economically unburdened by a wife or other dependents, lived alone near his office, in a three-room modern, professionally interior-decorated apartment; had a high fidelity stereophonic record-playing network, with extra speakers installed in his kitchen and bathroom; drove a white convertible; took a February vacation in a sunny climate; gave his parents an annual membership in a country club on the New Jersey shore, and had built a small house for them nearby, . . .; had an investment broker, who steered him more or less wisely; and could easily afford to pay for five $25 psychoanalytic hours every week.

Among the other characters the most important are Spencer's analyst, Dr. Blauberman, and a young woman, Annie Melvin, in whom Spencer would like to convince himself that he has a romantic interest. Annie's brother, Mike, who is also a doctor, is the central figure of one of the stories and appears in others. In the background we find many doctors and additional patients.

Although it is altogether likely that Miss Ross's stories, as they appeared in *The New Yorker*, would not have created so much of a stir if they had not seemed to be giving the lowdown on the medical profession, she is only incidentally a muckraker. She is not presenting Spencer Fifield as a representative doctor but as a human being with a particular problem. Early in the book we see Spencer at the end of a typical session on his analyst's couch—"boxed-in, hopeless, defeated, numb, unable to see, unable to hear, unable to feel; trying desperately to soak in through his brain-head the notions, the theories, the jargon, the clichés, and the patterns of feeling alive; and knowing that when he left his beloved analyst's office he could pretend to feel, or die to feel, or claim he felt, but he *could not feel.*"

The incapacity for feeling makes Spencer in many ways a horrible person. In the second story, for example, he talks small talk to a young woman who is about to be operated on for a brain tumor, while her parents walk the corridor outside her room in agony, accepting gladly from a clumsy stranger the compassion that Spencer cannot even begin to feel. Yet—and this is Miss Ross's triumph—we end the story by feeling sorrier for him than for the Auerbachs.

Annie Melvin also feels sorry for Spencer. She is a beatnik of a mild sort and works in a coffee house, but she is also a graduate of Barnard and in other ways a suitable object for Spencer's hypothetical affections. There is a touching story in which she spends the "Passover Festival" with Spencer and his parents and then goes with him to visit a patient. Annie understands Spencer very well. "He can't feel," she tells her brother. "When he wants to make a girl—or thinks he wants to because his analyst tells him he should —you know what he says? He says, 'I need to be involved with a woman.' He thinks all he's supposed to do is to make this announcement."

However shocking it is to assume that a man with Spencer's deficiencies can be a successful doctor, I doubt, as I have said, that Miss Ross wants us to draw dismal conclusions about the medical profession. On the other hand, I cannot accuse her of any strong bias in favor of psychoanalysts. It is true that some conceivably admirable analysts do appear in one of the stories, but Dr. Blauberman seems a representative figure, and he is considerably more of a horror than Spencer. He is a greedy, insensitive, dangerous man. Certainly he is bad for Spencer, and there is a shocking story in which he nearly ruins the life of a young musician. "Those jerky psychoanalysts," Annie says. "Those squares. They can hardly keep their heads above water, and they appoint themselves the final experts on other people." Her brother reasonably objects, "There must be some non-jerky ones," and we know that there are, but what we see here of analysts and of their effect on their patients sug-

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gests that the jerks are in the majority.

The blurb intimates that Spencer makes some improvement in the period the stories cover. That he thinks he has improved is clear: "He had now reached what Dr. Blauberman had assured him was the adult level of the Elmendorfs, of Bobbie Kirsch. He was one of them now. He had finally joined what Dr. Blauberman liked to call the human race. And Dr. Blauberman had shown him how to fight for his position." But I am afraid this is encouraging only if one is willing to accept Dr. Blauberman's standards of humanity. Spencer's farewell to Annie does not indicate that any greatly hopeful transformation has taken place.

It has been said that Harold Ross, when he was editor of *The New Yorker*, liked stories that were full of facts, that showed the way people lived. He would have been pleased with Miss Ross's stories, for, so far as the medical profession is concerned, she appears to be completely in the know. It would be a mistake, however, to value the stories only for their knowingness. Spencer Fifield is a man of his time, one of the hollow men. That is to say, he is hollow by nature, but in fact he is stuffed full of all sorts of secondhand notions, most of them cheerfully supplied by Dr. Blauberman. Miss Ross could easily have made him the target of her malicious wit and turned him into a bad joke, but, like Annie, she feels compassion for him, and in the end the collection of stories is as touching as it is brilliant.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

OUR AMBIGUOUS IMAGE

For an Audience Abroad

The American Image Series: *Vol. I, The American Society, edited by Kenneth S. Lynn; Vol. II, The American Foreign Policy, edited by Ernest R. May; Vol. III, The American Political Process, edited by Leonard W. Levy and John P. Roche; Vol. IV, The American Economy, edited by Jesse W. Markham (Braziller. 245 pp., 248 pp., 246 pp., and 274 pp., $20 the set) seeks to provide a profile of America for readers abroad. Walter Johnson, professor of American History at the University of Chicago, serves on the U.S. Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs.*

By WALTER JOHNSON

"THE PROBLEM of who we are and what we are has always been of acute concern to the American people," Kenneth S. Lynn remarks in his introduction to the first of the four volumes in *The American Image Series*, "so any new attempt at defining the national character should properly begin with the observation that the attempt has been made a thousand times before. From the very beginning of our cultural experience, we have been the most self-conscious people on earth."

Anyone who attempts to analyze the pluralistic society that has existed—and still exists—in the United States is wise to keep in mind:

> All these you are, and each is partly you,
> And none is false, and none is wholly true.

While these words are appositive, it is clear that a deep commitment to equality of opportunity under freedom, social mobility, rapid economic change, and equal access to political power have for most people been at the heart of the national experience.

It is quite possible, of course, to describe American development in terms of struggle, injustice, discrimination, and desperation; but, as Bernard De Voto observed in 1950, in comparison with other peoples "the difference is that tomorrow is another day. It has always proved to be. No estimate of what the United States could achieve in population, power, comfort, wealth, or living standards has ever proved adequate." There is still a dynamism and will to experiment. And, at the present time—just as in the past—the restless, pluralistic society defies easy generalization.

As anyone who has taught about the U.S. overseas quickly learns, while there is intense curiosity abroad about America, there are also dangerous oversimplifications. When the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs of the Department of State asked Harvard University to organize an orientation program for Brazilian student leaders, the participating professors quickly discovered that the available books of readings about American society were designed basically for Americans, who, it was assumed, had some specialized knowledge. As a result, the four editors prepared new readings, and have expanded them into the present volumes.

"Unlike comparable works," Ernest R. May, the general editor, observes, "these volumes are designed for readers who have no specialized background in these fields, and, because they were constructed with a foreign audience in

"Whatever he's pondering Univac could have solved in two seconds flat."

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mind, they introduce perspectives that may be interesting even to specialists. While foreign readers should find in them the profile of America, readers nearer home may get, as well, a sense of the American image."

Kenneth S. Lynn, professor of English at Harvard, the editor of Volume I, *The American Society*, has included excerpts from the writings of major literary figures ranging from Emerson to Frost. In addition, there are statements about the American character and purpose from Franklin, Crèvecoeur, Jefferson, Tocqueville, Lincoln, and Henry Adams, as well as comments by such critics as Hamlin Garland, Jane Addams, H. L. Mencken, and James Baldwin, protesting the inadequacies of American democracy. The volume is made even more rewarding by its excellent introduction, where Lynn describes how the American experience differed from Europe's and, at the same time, analyzes our self-deceptions—including the belief in American innocence and virtue as compared with other peoples'.

Mr. May, who is professor of history at Harvard, includes in Volume II, *The American Foreign Policy*, which he edited, such touchstones of policy as the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine, the Open Door Notes, the Preamble to the United Nations. And, characteristic of the four volumes, there are documents and speeches that show the debates over controversial issues at crucial moments. Professor May ably points out in his amply documented introduction that the United States started as a colony, became a neutralist state, the leader of a neutralist bloc, a have-not nation, a nation beset by civil strife inviting foreign intervention, a colonial power, a missionary state, and a super-power. However, since these volumes were designed for a foreign audience with no specialized background, it is unfortunate that the editor does not analyze the Constitutional powers of the President and the Congress in foreign affairs and discuss several of the struggles for control of foreign policy that have resulted.

For Volume III, *The American Political Process*, Leonard W. Levy and John P. Roche—professors, respectively, of Constitutional history and government at Brandeis—have selected outstanding speeches, reports, and court cases that describe the various governments of the country, question how representative our political parties are, reveal the powers of the President and the Congress, and explain the restraints imposed by law. Written with perception, their introduction sparkles with insights. "In juridical terms, the powers of the Presidency," they remark, "have not been altered in a hundred and seventy years, but each President must work out his own power relationships in terms of his conception of the office and the strength of his national appeal; to a considerable extent the Greek maxim still stands as a fundamental insight into presidential power: 'Character is fate.'"

Volume IV, *The American Economy*, edited by Jesse W. Markham, professor of economics at Princeton, has a major flaw in view of the audience for which the series was designed—a woefully weak and too brief introduction. As a result, the reader is immediately plunged into the complicated mixed economy of the United States with no statement of how we got there. (I admit to the bias of a historian, but how can we know where we are today if we do not know where we came from?) In the middle of this volume there is an excellent article by Paul B. Trescott on "Federal Fiscal Policy, 1790-1956," which if placed at the start would have helped in part to overcome the deficiency.

To demonstrate the varied and constantly changing structure of the economy Markham wisely relies heavily on reports of economists to the President and to Congressional committees. Among the subjects included are "Government and the Market," "Workable Competition and Operable Antitrust," "Policies for Maximum Employment and Production," and "The Farm Problem." But it is surprising that there is no selection dealing specifically with the problems facing the trade union movement—a hardly negligible factor in the American economy.

The documents, speeches, and essays to be found in this four-volume collection explain much about the national character and the national purpose. And they correct many dangerous oversimplifications. It was a difficult assignment and, with the exceptions noted, the editors have richly fulfilled it.

In the Shadow of the Capitol

***Dusk at the Mountain**, by Haynes Johnson (Doubleday. 273 pp. $4.50), reveals the Negro's status in Washington, D.C. James M. Nabrit, Jr., is president of Howard University.*

By JAMES M. NABRIT, JR.

SCRUTINIZING an ugly blemish on our national escutcheon, Haynes Johnson's *Dusk at the Mountain* displays keen insight into America's continuing problems of color prejudice and discrimination, poverty and unemployment, and into their effects on domestic and foreign policies. The author, who is assistant city editor of the Washington *Star*, selected the nation's Capital for his inquiry. Going from door to door, he interviewed a cross section of the city's Negro community: the unemployed, day workers, unwed mothers, professional and university people, government workers, businessmen, politicians, and ministers. The sampling is admittedly small, but the thoroughness with which Mr. Johnson approached a truly difficult task makes his study a real contribution to our thinking in this crucial area.

Washington is the only large city in the United States in which the majority of the inhabitants are Negroes, the whites having fled to the suburbs. This situation has affected appropriations for the public schools, the attitudes of the police, and the whole question of Home Rule for the District.

> . . . Negroes of the lowest economic levels have crowded into the city. Over the years, the migrants of that income group have brought with them a host of problems that have festered in other areas of the country. In their restless search for a better life, they have come to Washington poorly trained, poorly educated, and unprepared to face the complexities of urban living. The Capital thus has inherited the residue of social ailments [affecting] other sections of the country.

Mr. Johnson tells of the Negroes' fight for equality in the District and notes their success in integrating public accommodations and the public schools, where, in 1961, they made up 81.5 per cent of the enrolment. Some of his observations on the reactions of Negro teachers and principals to integration must be read carefully, or they may be taken to apply to a much larger group than intended. Nevertheless, he rightfully remarks that the issue is not integration or segregation but education.

In private industry, however, very little has been achieved; and Negroes are all but totally excluded from apprentice-training programs. In housing, too, integration has been only partially

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successful. The author's account of life in Washington's slums is distressing, particularly when he describes the eviction of families unable to pay their rent. The welfare activities in the District, the abuse of the system, the exploitation of Negroes by merchants also explain in part the high rate of crime and illegitimacy, as well as other social problems in the Second Precinct.

In his chapter on the Black Muslims Mr. Johnson calls attention to an explosive situation. Although at this time the sect, which preaches segregation in reverse, probably has a relatively small membership, it expresses the festering emotions of many Negroes unaffiliated with the movement.

Mr. Johnson's picture of the middle-class Negro in Washington is provocative, as is his characterization of some of the Negro organizations and his discussion of Howard University, the churches, and politics.

"From slavery to the present," he concludes, "the Negro's history has fashioned a psychology which makes understanding between the races difficult. But if the Negro has developed a psychology which buoys his ego and makes his life tolerable, deep inside lie emotions he seldom displays to the white world. . . ." It is time, he says, for Negroes to take off the mask "that grins and lies." "This is one contribution they can make to genuine understanding. White men clearly have even more misconceptions to remove."

Much Pride, Little Hope

Almost White, *by Brewton Berry (Macmillan. 212 pp. $5.95), scrutinizes a racially ambiguous element of our society. Oliver La Farge author of "A Pictorial History of the American Indian", is a fellow of the American Anthropological Association and president of the Association on American Indian Affairs.*

By OLIVER LA FARGE

THERE are a hundred thousand of them, more or less—no one knows exactly. If you live east of the Mississippi there may be, unknown to you, a settlement of them within walking distance of your door. Even though many of them refuse to give up the essentially social struggle to be white, they are not white—that is, not quite white. Or they may be white or non-white, according to your eyes, your upbringing, your prejudices.

They are neither Negro nor Indian, although they often cling to the classification of "Indian" in preference to the lower status of the Negro. Many, but not all, are dark. Some plainly show the tarbrush, some look definitely Indian, others are fair and blue-eyed.

There are numerous local names for them, but these people are so little known that we have no generic term for them. One writer uses the accurate but impossibly clumsy label "triracial isolates"; others, including Brewton Berry in *Almost White,* call them *mestizos,* a useful term meaning "mixed," but one that has derogatory connotations in the minds of many North Americans.

One such group, the "Lumbees," made headlines a few years back with their fight to be recognized as Indians. They won acceptance from the National Congress of American Indians, although, like their fellows, they retain nothing of Indian language or culture. None of them are acknowledged as Indians by the federal government, except for the Census Bureau, and then only at the whim of census takers.

Some states, principally in the North, recognize them as a separate group and have passed special laws for their protection. In the South, where people are frequently assigned to rigid categories according to strange and wonderful criteria, the laws applying to the "almost white" are largely restrictive.

While most of these groups can be traced back to the eighteenth century, their actual origins are lost in myth. There is little that is consistent about them except that they are regarded as different, and have intense, touchy pride but little hope.

A long-needed book, *Almost White* is the first serious study of this by no means inconsiderable element of our population. It is competently, humanly, warmly written by a qualified anthropologist with an unusually live approach. Dr. Berry has spent years in quiet, careful field work, getting to know these invisible Americans. There is about his account a pleasant quality of informal conversation; he includes, along with solid ethnological meat, personal reminiscence and glimpses of his techniques of making contact with elusive subjects. His book illuminates the nature of "racial" feeling in this country. For almost all of us, what it tells will be a surprise.

"I'll never forget his ringing words: 'Damn the Appropriations Committee—full speed ahead!' . . ."

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View from the Subcontinent

The Twisted Image, *by Arthur Goodfriend (St. Martin's Press. 264 pp. $5.95), describes the programs the author devised to open Indian minds to American viewpoints. Bradford Smith, who wrote "Portrait of India," was wartime chief of Central Pacific Operations in the Office of War Information.*

By BRADFORD SMITH

IN HIS *Rice Roots* Arthur Goodfriend showed an ability to reach the heart of an Asian culture, to understand and appreciate it in its own terms, and to perceive what the U.S. approach should be if we are really serious about making friends among the Asian peoples instead of driving them into the arms of the Communists.

His personal commitment to this task is evident in *The Twisted Image,* which deals with Mr. Goodfriend's own attempt to carry out, through the United States Information Service, such a program in India. I myself was in India at the time of which he writes, and to me the book reads like a letter from home. But even those who have never been there will experience the same sense of immediacy, for Mr. Goodfriend has given his book all the dramatic impact of a novel.

He convinces us of the urgent necessity of replacing with a realistic picture of the U.S. the "twisted image," widely held abroad, of a decadent, materialistic, militaristic America. Taking us on a journey of exploration into a foreign culture, Mr. Goodfriend describes the programs he devised and the conflict between his views and those of the policy-makers.

Should the United States attempt to convey a clear image of itself to the rank and file of Indians, as the Communists do, or should it speak only to an elite, relying on them to pass the message down? Mr. Goodfriend believes we must understand the people we are trying to reach, and then relate their history and their hopes to aspects of the American tradition that are similar. He writes, "To open Indian minds to American viewpoints, we had first to open our minds to theirs."

It is hard to see how anyone could disagree with this. Yet Mr. Goodfriend shows the USIS pouring out propaganda that emphasized the very materialism of which we stand accused, as, for example, in the big, glossy exhibit called "Life in America," which boasted of our economic abundance. And this "to people who eked out their existence on incomes averaging a dollar a week."

In trying to learn enough about Indian civilization to see where its ideals merged with ours, the author discovered in the village *panchayats* (village arbitration committees) and *samitis* (voluntary leagues of villages) a system of maintaining democracy that was thousands of years old. How, then, could Americans presume to "teach" India, as if we had invented democracy?

Mr. Goodfriend had an opportunity to put his theories into practice when he was asked to plan our contribution to the World Agricultural Fair in Delhi. Anyone who saw that exhibit will realize how it undertook to speak to Indians in terms of their own tradition, linking it with ours. It was Goodfriend's hope that this beginning would be augmented by a related press campaign, traveling exhibits, films, and a discreet reminder of what American aid had already accomplished in India. Instead, USIS offerings continued to be planned "in a completely American context."

There are going to be some angry people in the USIS, no doubt—and in Congress. But let us hope this book will be used as a tool to strengthen the Information Service rather than as a weapon for attacking it.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND BUGS ON THE BOARDS

For 2385 years, more or less, the world's playwrights have often used the names of animals (in the broadest sense, including the mythical) in the titles of their productions. Walter C. Daniel of Durham, North Carolina, has assembled a score of such, and asks you to assign the correct dramas to the correct dramatists. Curtain goes up on page 38.

1. "Androcles and the Lion"	( ) Jean Anouilh
2. "Badger's Green"	( ) Aristophanes
3. "The Bat"	( ) Anton Chekhov
4. "The Beaver Coat"	( ) John Galsworthy
5. "The Blue Bird"	( ) Lady Augusta Gregory
6. "Cock Robin"	( ) Gerhart Hauptman
7. "The Eaglet"	( ) Lillian Hellman
8. "The Falcon"	( ) Henrik Ibsen
9. "The Flies"	( ) Maurice Maeterlinck
10. "The Hairy Ape"	( ) A. A. Milne
11. "The Lark"	( ) Ferenc Molnar
12. "The Little Foxes"	( ) Eugene O'Neill
13. "The Pigeon"	( ) Elmer Rice
14. "The Sea Gull"	( ) Mary Roberts Rinehart
15. "The Swan"	( ) Romain Rolland
16. "Toad of Toad Hall"	( ) Edmond Rostand
17. "The Unicorn from the Stars"	( ) Jean-Paul Sartre
18. "The Wasps"	( ) G. Bernard Shaw
19. "The Wild Duck"	( ) Robert C. Sherriff
20. "The Wolves"	( ) Alfred Lord Tennyson

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Spying: The Second Oldest Profession

By WARREN S. WALKER, *editor of a reissue of "The Spy," by James Fennimore Cooper*

ALTHOUGH spying is said to be the world's second oldest profession —Moses sent agents ahead to scout the Promised Land—Americans have, on the whole, taken relatively little interest in it until recent times. Before World War II, espionage was felt to lie more in the domain of romance than of reality. Cloak-and-dagger literature often took the form of the spy thriller, and there is, of course, still a lively interest in fiction of this kind.

But with the Cold War came the belated discovery by our government that an intelligence program of massive proportions was a necessity for survival. While other major powers had for centuries maintained peacetime espionage agencies, isolationist America could afford to view covert military and political activity as a sneaky and unethical practice.

With the creation of the CIA in 1947 Washington at last began to face up to the facts of modern international life, but it was to be another dozen years before the American public suddenly experienced the same painful awareness. The jolt came when Gary Powers's U-2 plane – what Madison Avenue genius infiltrated CIA to give it such an apt name?—was shot down over the USSR on May 1, 1960. Since then, the vastly increased scope of American intelligence activity has been openly acknowledged; but the nature of such work requires that its objectives, its methods, and its effectiveness be shrouded in tantalizing secrecy. Hence the ready market for books that can shed even a glimmer of light on the subject. Anyone establishing the slightest claim to contact with this undercover world can find a publisher for his now-it-can-be-told revelation or his version of the art of espionage.

Of the recent books on the subject, three are very general, as their titles indicate: **The World of Espionage**, by Bernard Newman (British Book Centre, $4.95); **Anatomy of Spying**, by Ronald Seth (Dutton, $5.95), and **A Short History of Espionage**, by Colonel Allison Ind (McKay, $5.50). All three resurrect some of history's well-known spies and spy masters: Sir Francis Walsingham, who founded and in part financed the Continental spy net that kept Elizabeth I posted on the maneuvers of the Spanish Armada; Joseph du Tremblay, the "Gray Cardinal," whose secret police helped to keep Cardinal Richelieu in power for so long; Karl Schulmeister, the minister's son, who not only directed Napoleon's intelligence service but personally served as a double agent in Vienna, leading the Austrians into two of military history's most disastrous ambuscades at Ulm and Austerlitz; and William Stieber, whose timely and remarkably accurate reports to Bismarck enabled the Iron Chancellor to inflict quick and decisive defeats on Austria and France in 1866 and 1871.

Similarly, all three recount in detail the spy cases that have made headlines in recent years: the chain reaction, triggered by Igor Gouzenko's defection to the West in 1945, that led eventually to the arrests of Klaus Fuchs, Allan Nunn May, Harry Gold, David Greenglass, and the Rosenbergs; the capture of Colonel Abel in 1957; the discovery in 1961 of the cell directed by "Gordon Lonsdale" that had penetrated to the heart of the British naval research laboratory at Portland; and, of course, the U-2 incident, viewed from every imaginable angle.

For the person who has been totally isolated from newspapers, television, and the flood of new titles on the subject, the books by Seth and Newman might serve as good primers of espionage. For what other audience they are intended one cannot imagine, unless it should be for younger readers.

The fact that Newman's book is his 110th is more a tribute to his energy as a writer than to his authority on espionage. His dust-jacket billing reveals clearly the kind of hoop-la that all too often pervades spy literature:

> In the past he had found himself in such divers situations as hunting big game with the Masai, living with Balkan Gypsies, working for Walt Disney in Hollywood, performing as a circus strong man in Poland, appearing in grand opera in Paris and patrolling with the Foreign Legion in Indo-China.

During World War II Ronald Seth was a ranking member of the SOE (Special Operations Executive), the British spy net on the Continent, and he experienced not only the cloak-and-dagger romance of the business but its nasty reality as well, in the form of extreme torture at the hands of the Nazis after his capture in Estonia. That he has written a dozen other books about World War II and spying is also reassuring. But the substance of *Anat-*

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omy of Spying is all too often disappointing, at times even banal. Thus, in the chapter entitled "The Spy's Techniques," we are told that an agent has to be able to describe his contacts clearly:

> First the height is estimated. This is followed by a description of the man's general build—slim, corpulent, well built. Then, beginning at the head, each part of the body is taken in the following order—head, neck, body, arms, legs, and every detail about them will be given, especially any distinguishing marks, such as a finger missing, or lameness.

Well, yes. Under the heading "Communications" we are informed about the use of short-wave radio for reporting intelligence and the dangers posed by counterespionage with its equipment for locating transmitters—the simple equipment used daily by FCC throughout the United States to control the broadcasting of hundreds of commercial stations and thousands of "ham operators." In the same chapter we are introduced to the wonders of a "scientific development that has come to the aid of modern espionage—microphotography." One is forced to the sad conclusion that Seth says very little in this book that he himself hasn't already said (and much better) in *Spies at Work* (1954) and *The Art of Spying* (1957).

A Short History of Espionage could have been a more forceful book if Ind had made it still shorter, limiting its scope to a history of the service to which he belonged and about which he knows so much. An officer in U. S. Army Intelligence, he served in the Pacific theatre during World War II. Some of his material comes from personal experience and some from his contact with the principals in a variety of intelligence activities during the first half of the present century. Especially moving is his account of Ralph Van Deman, who for twenty years, from the beginning of the Spanish-American War to the end of World War I, waged a one-man campaign (which he lost) to establish a strong and permanent intelligence corps in this country. The central portion of the book, a history of American intelligence, is solid; but Ind overextends himself and tries to cover spying through the ages, "From the Trojan Horse to Cuba," as the subtitle claims.

Christopher Felix's **A Short Course in the Secret War** (Dutton, $5) and Alan Moorehead's **The Traitors** (Harper, & Row, $5) are perhaps the most human of all these volumes. "Christopher Felix" is the pseudonym of a former agent of the U.S. government who must still maintain anonymity in order to preserve the "cover" for several continuing operations in which he was involved. His book is a study of the psychology of spying. Part I concerns the mental and emotional dilemmas of the spy in general—his doubts, his misgivings, his frustrations, his self-justifications—as they develop in the course of his relationships with other agents, with his director, with his unsuspecting friends at home, and with the people of the country against which he works. Part II, an account of the author's own activity in Soviet-occupied Hungary

during 1946-47, is a case study illustrating the problems defined in Part I. Basically, *A Short Course* is another vehicle for alerting the public to the subtleties of the Secret War.

Since 1952, when it first appeared, *The Traitors* has become a classic study of treason, now republished in a second edition with a new preface. The traitors discussed are the three most notorious "atomic spies," all British physicists: Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Bruno Pontecorvo. Because, under the cloak of British security clearances, they gave Russia the technical know-how to construct the atomic bomb, they caused a serious strain in Anglo-American relationships. In 1951 a pamphlet issued by the U. S. government, *Soviet Atomic Espionage*, sharply criticized the security services of our closest ally, and Moorehead undertook his book as a propaganda piece to redress the balance. So absorbed did he become in his subjects, however, that he soon forsook persuasion for fascinated scrutiny and fascinating description. The three brief biographies that resulted are curious studies in human behavior, for these traitors were neither turncoats nor selfish men in any sense. All three were idealists who viewed themselves as self-appointed saviors of humanity. Motivated by conscience and an incredible arrogance, they chose to betray their country (as well as the whole free world) for what they deemed its own good. Moorehead's conclusion, "that a man's conscience is not necessarily his best or only guide," touches more nearly upon the heart of darkness than anything in his works about Africa.

Four more books provide valuable insights into limited but important areas of espionage, the first three being devoted to the activities of particular intelligence units during World War II. Stanley P. Lovell, a noted chemist and inventor, was the director of research for the OSS (Office of Strategic Services) during the war. Like many of the men who worked closely with General ("Wild Bill") Donovan, director of the OSS, Lovell came to a deep admiration for the man, and a good part of his **Of Spies and Stratagems** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is a eulogy of this redoubtable hero of the "Fighting 69th." Lovell is at his best, however, in his own element, the field of science, and he describes in simple language a fascinating array of the devilishly ingenious gadgets, booby traps, and gimmicks of sabotage developed by his branch of the Service during the course of the war. In 1942 Lovell was sworn to twenty years' secrecy about the technical details of his work, so that much of the information in *Of Spies and Stratagems* is here made public for the first time.

Room 3603 (Farrar, Straus, $4.50) refers to an office in New York City, at 630 Fifth Avenue, from which the British Security Coordination was directed before and during World War II by Sir William Stephenson. (Stephenson is a Canadian, and the English edition of H. Montgomery Hyde's book is called *The Quiet Canadian*.) Stephenson came to this country in 1940 and built a corps of more than 3,000 agents to operate throughout North and South America. Although he was of great assistance to the FBI, and although his spy school in Canada eventually trained members of the OSS, many of his early activities in this country were undertaken without either the approval or the knowledge of the State Department. Hyde admits several times that the BSC carried on an intensive campaign to destroy our neutrality, even to the extent of infiltrating American political organizations:

> Before Pearl Harbor, as has been seen, Stephenson's organization successfully spread covert propaganda, designed to strengthen the interven-

(Continued on page 36)

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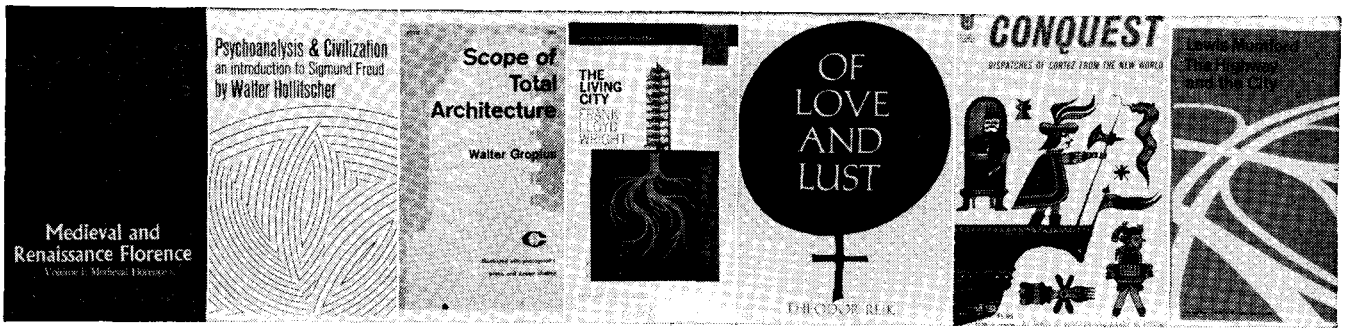

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

What's New: Since educators have decided that "impulse reading," spurred by a friend's momentary suggestion, is effective only when the book recommended is close at hand, Bantam Books has come up with a classroom reading library. It's a portable unit of paperbacks selected for various junior and senior high school levels, and, as it stands ready for use in the classroom, it acts as an informal extension of the school library. This is just one more way in which paperbacks are being used to encourage youngsters to read. . . . Not since the days of Coolidge have political satirists had such fun. The latest in the barrage of Kennedy jibes is *Sing Along with Jack* (Pocket Books, $1), crammed with such hit songs of the New Frontier as "I Dream of Jackie with the Bouffant Hair," "Vive la Dynasty," and that old American favorite, "Home on the Cape." . . .

Signet Books has an eye for anniversaries; on May 23, 399 years and one month after the birth of Shakespeare, they will introduce a new Shakespeare series, under the editorship of Sylvan Barnet, which will eventually include all thirty-seven plays. Each volume will contain the original source material on which the play was based, as well as samples of the criticism that has appeared through the centuries. . . . It's a little late for Europe-bound travelers to start learning languages, but there's still time for a few pertinent phrases. Collier's *Language for Travellers* series covers French, Italian, German, Russian, and Spanish, each with three small records tucked into the cover ($2.95 each) . . . Avon is scrupulous about seeing that the reading public gets both sides of the political question. Just published are Milton Viorst's *Liberalism* and Dean Smith's *Conservatism* (60¢ each), with introductions by Senators Hubert Humphrey and Barry Goldwater respectively. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Wartime

The miltary viewpoint is ubiquitous in historical works. This month it crops up both in an abridgment of Edward Gibbon's classic *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Dell, 95¢) and in *Medieval and Renaissance Florence* (Harper Torchbooks, 2 vols., $1.75 each), by Ferdinand Schevill.

There are also numerous books entirely devoted to war. *Conquest* (Universal, $2.50), compiled by Irwin Blacker and Harry M. Rosen, consists of dispatches that Cortez, during his rampages through the New World, found time to write to Emperor Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire. Crane Brinton's *A Decade of Revolution* (Harper, $1.95) describes France between the years 1789 and 1799, while John Hyde Preston's *Revolution 1776* (Washington Square Press, 60¢) is a human if apparently oversimplified account of the American Revolution from the occupation of Boston in the summer of 1768 until the resignation of Washington as commander-in-chief in the last days of 1783.

Coming down to recent times, *World War I* (Black Cat, 75¢), by Hanson W. Baldwin, is a brief, accurate, and unembellished report on the "war to end wars." Barbara Tuchman's *The Zimmermann Telegram* (Delta, $1.65) tells how British Intelligence intercepted a secret message from Berlin that was to put an end to Woodrow Wilson's attempted neutrality.

When Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe* (Harper, $2.95), a history of World War II, appeared in hard covers, *SR*'s critic wrote that it had "everything that a great piece of historical writing requires . . . thoroughness in research . . . honesty in interpretation, a singing prose style and, finally, that leavening which comes of the human interest element and the occasional odd angle." *The Soviet History of World War II* (Praeger, $1.95), by Matthew P. Gallagher, traces Russian historians' treatment of the conflict.

The Mind

Among the many paperbacks dealing with psychiatry and its related fields, the most important recent publication is Ernest Jones's *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (Anchor, $1.95). Edited and abridged by Lionel Trilling and Steven Marcus from the original three-volume work, it includes all the major sections and the important footnotes from the longer text. Here then is the definitive Freud biography, written by a man who worked with him for more than three decades.

Maryse Choisy, a leading Catholic psychiatrist, also knew Freud, but her *Sigmund Freud: A New Appraisal* (Citadel, $1.75) takes a far more critical view of the master than does Jones's book. Hers is an emotional report, personal and colloquial in style.

Walter Hollitscher's *Psychoanalysis and Civilization* (Evergreen, $1.45) was intended as a guide for sociologists to Freud's ideas, but it proves also to be an exceedingly concise introduction for the layman. Freud's own writings—on the superego, instinct, anxiety, the unconscious—have been neatly arranged to form a brief survey of his salient theories.

A good companion volume to Robert A. Harper's *Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy—Thirty-Six Systems*, published by Spectrum in 1959, is *A Handbook of Psychoanalysis* (Forum-World, $1.65), edited by Hans Herma and Gertrud Kurth. In this anthology such authorities as Karl Menninger, Fritz Wittels, and Franz Alexander discuss a variety of topics ranging from homosexuality to the psychology of dreams.

Dr. Alfred Adler wrote frequently about disturbed children, but *The Problem Child* (Capricorn, $1.85) is only

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just now appearing in an English edition. Here, in a fascinating collection of juvenile misbehavior, he analyzes the spoiled child, the rejected child, the one who lies, and the one who steals.

According to Alan W. Watts, an Englishman who has come to be a leading Western spokesman for Zen Buddhism, psychiatry and Eastern philosophy aren't so far apart; it's just that Buddhism, Taoism, and Vedanta plunge further in their attempt to give man the gift of cosmic serenity. *Psychotherapy East and West* (Mentor, 60¢) explores the areas in which the two meet and diverge.

Theodor Reik, one of the world's most distinguished psychologists, is also a gifted writer, and his books are among the most readable in the field. *Of Love and Lust* (Noonday, $2.95) inquires into the nature of maleness and femaleness, drawing upon the author's *A Psychologist Looks at Love* and *Masochism and Modern Man*, as well as some previously unpublished material.

The Builders

Frank Lloyd Wright not only designed his buildings with style, he also wrote about them with complete conviction. Mentor has just published *The Natural House* (75¢), *The Living City* (75¢), and *The Future of Architecture* (95¢), which together contain Wright's major statements. Each book is illustrated with sketches, plans, photographs.

"Good architecture should be a projection of life itself and that implies an intimate knowledge of biological, social, technical and artistic problems," writes Walter Gropius in *Scope of Total Architecture* (Collier, 95¢), based on articles and lectures from his years (1938-1952) as chairman of Harvard's Department of Architecture. It's a grand-scale book, concerned less with the individual design of one excellent house than with the broader spectrum of beautiful and functional communities.

If New Yorkers, Chicagoans, or dwellers in any of our other large cities think they have problems, let them read Lewis Mumford's *The Highway and the City* (Harvest, $1.65), which spotlights not only our own metropolitan blights but those that have befallen most major European cities, including Paris and London. Mumford also discusses with his customary clarity such recent examples of modern construction as the Guggenheim Museum and Paris's UNESCO headquarters.

One would think it couldn't be done, but in *The Outline of European Architecture* (Pelican, $2.25) Nikolaus Pevsner has surveyed Europe's buildings from the Roman basilicas to Le Corbusier's Ronchamp Chapel, and without seeming at all hurried. This revised edition is larger and handsomer than the previous six editions, and includes as well a brief but pertinent glance at American architecture.

Anyone who wants to come to terms with architecture will find Henry H. Saylor's *Dictionary of Architecture* (Science Editions, $1.45) a helpful handbook, including as it does everything from "Aaron's rod" ("a molding bearing vines . . .") to "zwinger" ("a stronghold adjoining a city").

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price of book 20¢ for postage and handling.

Anchor, 575 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 22.
Avon, 572 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 22.
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16.
Black Cat, 64 University Pl., N.Y.C. 3.
Capricorn, 200 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16.
Citadel, 222 Park Ave. S., N.Y.C. 3.
Collier, 425 Park Ave. S., N.Y.C. 6.
Dell, 750 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 17.
Delta, 750 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 17.
Evergreen, 64 University Pl., N.Y.C. 3.
Forum-World, 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland, O.
Harper, 49 E. 33rd St., N.Y.C. 16.
Harvest, 750 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 17.
Mentor, 501 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 22.
Noonday, 19 Union Square W., N.Y.C. 3.
Pelican, 2 Park St., Boston 7, Mass.
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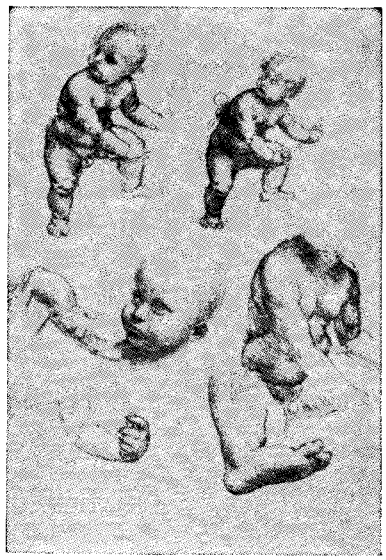
Praeger, 64 University Place, N.Y.C. 3.
Science Editions, John Wiley, 605 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 16.
Signet, 501 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 17.
Universal Library, 1107 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10.
Washington Square Press, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 20.



The Infinite Sketchbook: Nowhere is the magnificient versatility of Leonardo da Vinci so boldly evidenced as in his sketches. In chalk, ink, and silverpoint he filled the margins of books, bits of papers, and notebooks with drawings of anything that interested him. And that included practically everything: animals, flowers, landscapes, children, anatomical dissections, machines of war. **The Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci** (Harvest, $2.95), edited with notes by A. E. Popham, now in paperback, remains a catalogue of artistic genius.

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The Homesick Shepherd

Possession, *By Kamala Markandaya (John Day. 249 pp. $4.50) concerns a gifted Indian shepherd who experiences both acclaim and estrangement in England. Robert Payne's numerous books about Asia include "White Rajahs of Sarawak."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

FOR WELL over a hundred years Indians have been writing in English —a strange and beautiful English that sometimes seems to be their own invention, so changed are the rhythms and the pulse of the sentences. It is an intricate English, of a slightly higher pitch than ours, and quicker. There is a lilt in it, and it seems inevitably to gather to itself a richness of color and texture that is foreign to our more tepid skies. The important thing is that it is a language of its own, with its own history, its own way of looking at things.

There was a time not very long ago when Indian-English novels had a curiously amateurish look about them. There was Mulk Raj Anand, who wrote English extremely well, but always with a sense of effort, of writing against the grain; and so it was with most Indian writers. There was the feeling that some part of their minds was still thinking merrily in Hindi or Urdu or Tamil. All this is changed. They now write superbly, with a command of their unique rhythms and an understanding of the potentialities of the sentence that sometimes shame us. It is self-conscious writing, but they know what they are doing to a hair's breadth.

Kamala Markandaya belongs to this new order of things. She knows exactly how to produce the effects she desires in a prose that is remarkably agile and completely her own. She could, I suspect, write about anything; she has an almost frightening skill. In *Possession* Miss Markandaya has chosen to describe the life of an Indian shepherd boy who has a great gift for painting, and who is suddenly transplanted to England, where he receives the acclaim due his talent, and then founders because he has no roots in the country of his adoption.

It is a good theme, and might conceivably have been an important one, but England keeps getting in the way. Kamala Markandaya writes best about India; her England is chic Belgravia accurately observed, but oddly jaundiced and disheveled at five o'clock in the morning after an all-night party. One wonders why she goes to such lengths to stick the pin so accurately into the entrails of the butterfly.

The boy Valmiki is a brilliant invention, and so is Ellie, the frail, gawky refugee from a concentration camp who wanders miserably into his life and becomes his model and his mistress. I am not so sure about Lady Caroline, the rich, beautiful, and complaisant Englishwoman, who takes the boy under her wing and parades him like a monkey on a stick through fashionable London. Fiction is littered with Lady Carolines. This one is a tougher chicken than most, and much more demanding.

It is a testimony to the author's power that we come to believe all the boy's liaisons, and sympathize with him and like him, in spite of the giddy presence of Lady Caroline. He fills the canvas. The trouble is that he has to bear the weight of the story almost alone, and he has not quite the strength for it.

So there it is—not a great novel, nor even a particularly good one, but one that has a quality of writing and a keenness of perception that demand respect. It suggests other books of far greater scope that the author could write if she ever set her mind to it.

—From jacket of "Possession"

Statue of Siva—"a slightly higher pitch than ours, and quicker."

He Didn't Kill The Bear

When the Legends Die, *by Hal Borland (Lippincott. 288 pp. $4.50), grapples, in terms of an American Indian, with the question: Who am I? Robert L. Perkin is book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

LEGENDS are the memory and imagination of a people. Without them, without a people, a man is a hollow thing, and there is no answer to the question: Who am I? This timeless riddle of identity is the theme of *When the Legends Die,* by Hal Borland. A taut, muscular novel, it grapples so successfully with the question that it seems to me *When the Legends Die* deserves to be ranked with the three or four masterful works of fiction about the American Indian. One thinks of Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy,* Jonreed Lauritzen's *Arrows Into the Sun,* and, of course, Frank Waters's *The Man Who Killed the Deer.*

In a sense, Borland's story is about the man who didn't kill the bear, but it is neither an Indian adventure tale nor a romance dependent merely upon local color. This is fiction that reaps universals out of the native grain, a book that, to alter the figure only slightly, has roots in the earth from which to grow. One has come to expect these poetic strengths from Mr. Borland; his several notable books are intimate with the soil.

The time span of this novel is from 1912 to, roughly, the present; the principal scene, the Ute country of southwestern Colorado, above Pagosa Springs. And this is the way it was in the matter of the killing of the dream:

Bear's Brother, a Ute boy who had gone back to the old ways on Horse Mountain, is brought into the reserva-

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tion school. His pet, a bear cub that is vicious to everyone else, is chained whining to a post. Twice the boy is forced to send the animal away. "They have made me do this, brother," he says. "They have made me tell you to go away." He unlocks the chain from the bear's neck, and suddenly he hugs the bear's head to him and buries his face in its neck fur. Then the boy turns away. "Go home! Go! Go!" To the men Bear's Brother says, "I wish you were dead for this thing you have done."

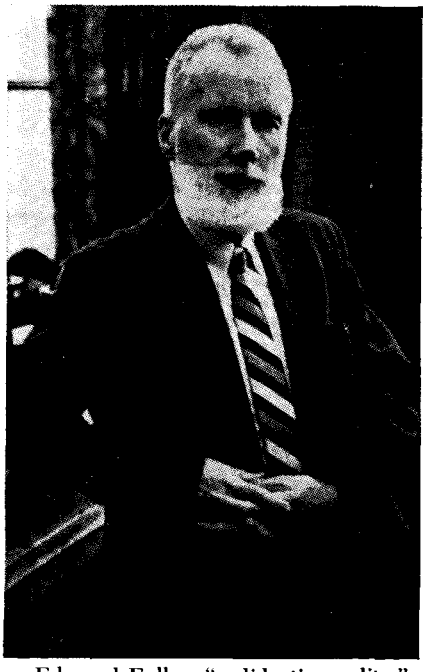
Later the bear returns, a two-year-old now and taller than the boy. In the moonlight the boy sings the bear song, then warns and shouts. The bear refuses to leave. The boy lashes with a quirt across the bear's black snout. But instead of tearing the boy with its claws, the bear "dropped to all fours, whimpering. It nosed the boy's hand, and it cried like a child." Bear's Brother weeps too. "He wept until the bear drew away and licked his face and whimpered and licked his face again." In Ute, the boy tells the bear, "I do not know you! You are no longer my brother. I have no brother. I have no friends. . . . Go, or they will kill you. . . . They kill without guns."

Borland does not exploit these primitive scenes either for their sentiment or, entirely, for their conflict of-cultures value. As a poet his vista is broader: this, he tells us, is how the following-out of a man begins. But spiritual evisceration is a process; for Bear's Brother there had been other wounding episodes—the deaths, first, of his fugitive father and, later, of his gentle mother—and there would be more. In the growing-up there would be the jibes of reservation schoolchildren, the brutality and cheating of the exploiters, the white men who killed without guns, spoke without truth, and shot the doe when her meat was not needed.

Bear's Brother evolves into Thomas Black Bull, and later into Tom Black, bareback bronc rider on the bigtime rodeo circuit. "Killer" Black, they call him, because he rides horses to death in a silent fury of malignant skill. The crowds that turn out to watch him sit in quiet awe of his dark, demoniacal rides.

Finally, a roan named Sky Rocket falls on him in Madison Square Garden, and "Killer" goes home to Horse Mountain above Pagosa to mend his crushed body and, though he knows it only intuitively, to seek his identity. Catharsis comes in the intense, purposeful hunt for the big bear that has killed the sheep. In a frosty predawn light Tom Black brings the bear into the sights of his rifle—but his fingers refuse to squeeze the trigger.

There will be no more killing. In its place will be the roundness of the world so many Ute chants mention with reverence: roundness of the sun, the sky, of a boy's limbs, of aspen trunks, of the seasons, the great roundness of life. A hollow man has been made whole again, a self.



Edmund Fuller—"a didactic quality."

A Dilemma of Intellectuals

The Corridor, *by Edmund Fuller (Random House. 198 pp. $3.95), probes the sources of guilt that can destroy marital happiness. David Dempsey is a free-lance writer and novelist.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

SINCE the dust jacket of Edmund Fuller's *The Corridor* informs us that the book was written in London, it is reasonable to assume that the author has not been influenced by the latest rash of TV shows about the medical profession. Unfortunately, however more than a few cc. of "Ben Casey" dialogue is injected into his characters, and the hospital setting itself suggests the manufactured crisis to which television has conditioned us.

Nevertheless, I liked *The Corridor*, partly for what it has to say and partly because of what the author has had the good sense not to say. He has not documented a medical episode so much for its own sake as for the reflection it casts on the human predicament of the characters, Malcolm and Jean Adamson, who belong to the modern generation of intellectuals in conflict with themselves, and each other, over their career aspirations and the demands of family responsibility.

Jean's emergency is brought on by her psychological rejection of a fourth pregnancy. The medical crisis that follows is paralleled by a spiritual stock-taking which, if somewhat calculated, provides insight into the sources of guilt that can destroy married happiness.

Most of the story takes place in a three-day span during which Jean Adamson hovers between life and death, and although Mr. Fuller pushes his luck pretty hard, he does avoid most of the soap-opera clichés of the genre: there is a minimum of "scrubbing up," a refreshing absence of that tiresome operating-room routine, and no ill-tempered surgeons. The experience provides Malcolm with a chance to put his own life into perspective, and the series of flashbacks in which this is done are well handled.

But I do wish that, as a novelist, Mr. Fuller would soft-pedal his role of marriage counselor. The terrible moral earnestness that suffuses this book gives it a didactic quality that prevents the reader from drawing any conclusions of his own. A deeply committed Christian, whose basic message is sound, the author should learn that sometimes the Devil preaches the most effective sermons.

Coming June 15

SR's ANNUAL

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Cloak and Dagger

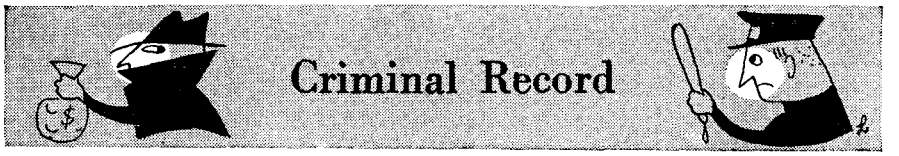
Continued from page 31

tionist groups throughout the country and discredit the isolationists.

Even more shocking to ingenuous American readers will be Hyde's exultation in the forged poison-pen letters used by Stephenson's agents to frame Vincenzo Coppola, the manager of Mussolini's airline in Brazil. Testimonials from both J. Edgar Hoover and General Donovan laud Stephenson's contribution to the Allied victory, but to enjoy this book the reader will have to accept without reservation the Machiavellian dictum that the ends justify the means—any means.

Spying for Peace, by Jon Kimche (Roy, $4), is a brief history of Switzerland during World War II, and its hero is General Henri Guisan, commander-in-chief of all Swiss military forces. Citizens of the uncommitted nations of the world should read this book to discover the perplexing problems and extreme hazards of neutrality. Completely surrounded by Axis countries, and harrassed from within by would-be collaborationists of German extraction, tiny Switzerland played the dangerous, difficult, and paradoxical role of pro-Allied neutrality. Of special interest to American readers will be the revelations about the role of Allen Dulles, the very competent head of our intelligence mission at Berne. His maneuvers, along with those previously begun by British, Italian, French, and German agents, made of Switzerland a maze of intrigue.

Although the title **They Call It Intelligence** (Abelard-Schuman, $5) suggests that Joachim Joesten takes all spydom as his province, he actually confines his book in time to the past eighteen years and in space primarily to Germany, today's hotbed of espionage. If the reader can tolerate the annoying slanginess of style and the wiseacre remarks about the "befuddled intelligencers," he will find in Joesten's book a wealth of material on the covert operations of the Cold War. Equally good chapters on Abel and Powers can be found in a score of other books, but this is not so for most of the recent spy cases tried in West German courts. Many American readers will recall the bizarre episodes of the Otto John story, but few will have heard previously of Horst Ludwig, Fritz Briesemeister, Carl Helfmann, Horst Eitner, Viktor Schneider, and a number of others discussed by Joesten, whose book went to press before the trials of Oleg V. Penkovsky and Greville M. Wynne. Thus the international situation promises to make the spy book a staple of the publishing world for years to come.



THE TRIAL OF MARIE BESNARD. *By Marie Besnard. Farrar, Straus.* $4.50. Fact account of agony suffered by Frenchwoman (1949-61) accused of murdering thirteen compatriots; three trials were conducted. Tense study of character assassination.

THE DAY HUEY LONG WAS SHOT. *By David Zinman. Obolensky.* $4.50. New Orleans AP correspondent dissects events of September 8, 1935, and examines background in sharp and vivid detail. Read this and compare handling of same tragedy in *The Huey Long Murder Case*, by Hermann B. Deutsch (*SR*, March 30).

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES COMPANION. *By Michael and Mollie Hardwick. Doubleday.* $4.95. Who's who of characters, plots of stories, sampler of quotations, careers of Holmes and Watson, profile of Conan Doyle make up this engaging scrapbook of Sherlockiana. Old Paget illustrations, too.

1962 SHERLOCKIAN WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT. *Edited by W. T. Rabe. Old Soldiers of Baker Street, 2211 Pinecrest, Ferndale, Mich. Paperback,* $2. This admirable Holmesian miscellany contains, among much else, locations of S.H. societies the world over.

MURDER BY THE BOOK. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Pam and Jerry North, wintering in Key West, find *another* body (or rather Pam does); local sheriff is natural, real; public library is consulted. Easily one of their best.

ELLERY QUEEN'S ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications. Paperback,* $1. Two short novels (Gardner and Stout), three novelettes, fifteen shorts compose this fifth in series; bigger bargain than ever because a bigger book.

GAMBLE WITH DEATH. *By Roger Simons. Roy.* $2.95. When member of audience is stabbed in middle of Thames Embankment concert, Inspector Wace has high old time browbeating suspects. Many tempers are lost here.

THE GREY SENTINELS. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Glasgow teammates Colin Thane and Phil Moss (good cops) explore bird-sanctuary island when murder removes sole human inhabitant. (Watch out for those thirty-foot sharks!) Completely seaworthy.

THE NIGHT, THE WOMAN. *By Stephen Ransome. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. It's brother vs. brother when murder strikes along Florida Gulf Coast, but capable St. Pete police lieutenant wraps things up nicely.

THE SHAGGY DOG AND OTHER MURDERS. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $3.50. Ten stories (serialized 1940-49) here admirably display the versatility of a respected professional.

DEAD MEN RISE UP NEVER. *By Christopher Landon. Sloane.* $3.75. England, Eire, Spain figure in yarn involving a posthumous novel that has a lot to say, some of it in the courtroom. Ingenious attention-holder.

WAR OF NERVES. *By Paul Brickhill. Morrow.* $3.75. Australian lad first-timing in Paris meets French lass, sees killing, helps cops (one especially good); gets overtones (loud ones) of Algerian crisis. Adroit and well-handled.

THE BURDEN OF PROOF. *By Jeffrey Ashford. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Land-poor English gent, due to wed heiress, is held as promoter of abortion; cops thoroughly hostile; trial is a dilly. Up to author's customary high standard.

FISH OR CUT BAIT. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $3.50. L.A. tycoon hires peeper partnership of Cool and Lam to guard his secretary; there's a murder anyway; Bertha gets real tough in good cause; Sgt. Sellers is as ornery as ever. Tried and true.

SHE FELL AMONG THIEVES. *By Gretchen Travis. Crime Club.* $3.50. Omaha schoolmarm wins 15G prize in sewing contest, trip to Manhattan, and chance to get herself bumped off. This dame-in-distress job is much more engaging than most.

DEATH OF AN ANGEL. *By Clay Richards. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.50. Bombing of New York mayoralty candidate gives Postal Inspector Grant Kirby chance to flex his federal muscles again (time is 1890s). Lively period piece.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Art, Architecture

ART IN LATIN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Paul Damaz. Reinhold. $15.

DELACROIX. By Lee Johnson. Norton. $3.95.

EARLY AMERICAN HOMES FOR TODAY. By Herbert Wheaton Congdon. Tuttle. $12.50.

THE FACE OF THE METROPOLIS. By Martin Meyerson. Random House. $3.95.

GUIDE TO JAPANESE ART. By Shigetaka Kaneko. Tuttle. $6.

INTERIOR ART AND DECORATION. Lane. $1.75.

MIRO. By Jacques Lassaigne. World. $6.75.

PAINTING OF INDIA. By Douglas Barrett and Basil Gray. World. $25.

THE TREASURES OF VENICE. By Michelangelo Muraro and André Grabar. World. $29.50.

TUDOR, STUART AND EARLY GEORGIAN PAINTINGS. By Oliver Millar. New York Graphic Society. Two volumes, $21.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN EDUCATION TODAY. Edited by Paul Woodring and John Scanlon. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

ANIMAL ASTRONAUTS: They Opened the Way to the Stars. By Clyde R. Bergwin and William T. Coleman. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. $5.

BUSINESS IN A DYNAMIC SOCIETY. By Donald J. Hart. Macmillan. $7.50.

DISARMAMENT AND THE ECONOMY. Edited by Emile Benoit and Kenneth E. Boulding. Harper & Row. $6.

LATIN AMERICA: Evolution or Explosion? Edited by Mildred Adams. Dodd, Mead. $3.25.

LENIN, STALIN, KHRUSHCHEV: Voices of Bolshevism. Edited by Robert H. MacNeal. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

MODERN THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE. By James A. Coleman. New American Library. Paperback, 60¢.

SOCIALISM AND WAR. By Edvard Karlelj. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

THE SUPREME CHOICE: Britain and Europe. By Drew Middleton. Knopf. $5.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1962. By Richard P. Stebbins. Council on Foreign Relations, dist. Harper & Row. $6.

Fiction

THE CORRIDOR. By Edmund Fuller. Random House. $3.95. (See page 35.)

THE HOTEL ROOM. By Agnar Mykle. Dutton. $4.50.

MANIFEST DESTINY. By Russell Laman. Regnery. $5.95.

NO MARGIN FOR ERROR. By Madelaine Duke. Walker. $3.95.

OCEAN FRONT. By Douglass Wallop. Norton. $5.95.

THE ODYSSEY OF KOSTAS VOLAKIS. By Harry Mark Petrakis. McKay. $4.95.

PRETTY LESLIE. By R. V. Cassill. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

SOON, ONE MORNING: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962. Edited by Herbert Hill. Knopf. $6.95.

STRANGE WIVES. By Shirley Barker. Crown. $4.95.

THE THIRTEENTH. By Melita Maschmann. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

TORTOISE BY CANDLELIGHT. By Nina Bawden. Harper & Row. $3.95.

VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL: The Trials and Triumphs of Dr. Spencer Fifield. By Lillian Ross. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. (See page 25.)

WATER IN THE WINE. By April Armstrong. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

History

THE ANCIENT GREEKS: An Introduction to Their Life and Thought. By M. I. Finley. Viking. $5.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SUPREME COURT. Edited by Alan Westin. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE BETRAYERS. By Jonathan Root. Coward-McCann. $5.

BORDER GUARD. By Don Whitehead. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE CONQUISTADORS. By Patricia de Fuentes. Orion. $7.50.

CULTURAL RELATIONS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Charles A. Thomson and Walter H. C. Laves. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE DUTCH UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION, 1940-1945. By Werner Warmbrunn. Stanford Univ. Press. $7.50.

1815: An End and a Beginning. By John Fisher. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE NEW WILDERNESS. By Willard E. Wilks. McKay. $4.25.

THE PACIFIST CONSCIENCE. By Peter Mayer. Orion. $5.95.

A PLANET CALLED EARTH. By George Gamow. Viking. $4.95.

POLITICAL HERETICS: From Plato to Mao Tse-tung. By Max Nomad. Univ. of Michigan Press. $5.95.

REALMS OF GOLD: A Journey in Search of the Mycenaeans. By Leonard Cottrell. New York Graphic Society. $5.95.

STALIN'S FOREIGN POLICY REAPPRAISED. By Marsall D. Shulman. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.50.

TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD: The Centennial History of the Civil War. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday. $7.50.

TRADE BLOCS AND COMMON MARKETS. By Sidney Dell. Knopf. $5.95.

TWO ROADS TO SUMTER. By Bruce Catton and William Catton. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

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THE POLITICAL NOVELS OF JOSEPH CONRAD. By Eloise Knapp Hay. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.

SHAKESPEARE IN EUROPE. Edited by Oswald LeWinter. Meridian Books, dist. World. Paperback, $2.25.

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EVIDENCE OF THE ACCUSED. By Roderic Jeffries. London House & Maxwell. $3.50.

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Personal History

THE ADAMS PAPERS: Series 2, Family Correspondence. Edited by Lyman H. Butterfield. Belknap Press, dist. Harvard Univ. Press. Two volumes, $25.

THE CITY OF SAINTS. By Richard Burton. Edited by Fawn M. Brodie. Knopf, $8.50.

CHOPIN: A Pictorial Biography. By André Boucourechliev. Viking. $6.95.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LLOYD GEORGE. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, dist. Meredith. $4.95.

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THE FLASH OF GENIUS. By Alfred B. Garrett. Van Nostrand. $5.

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MORE GREAT TRUE ADVENTURES. Selected by Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr. Hawthorn. $5.95.

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THE URBAN CONDITION. Edited by Leonard J. Duhl. Basic Books. $10.

WHERE, WHEN, AND WHY: Social Studies in American Schools. By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. $3.95.

—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly.*

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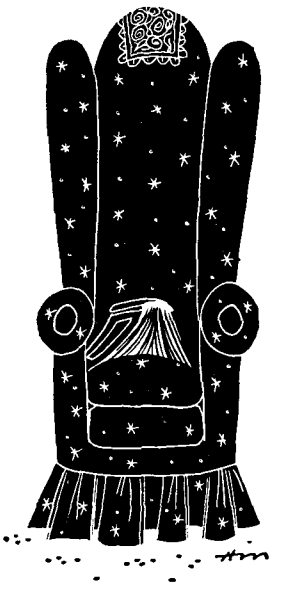
Van Wyck Brooks

Continued from page 18

in which he lived. Old literary friends and young admirers made trips to visit him. More than any other American of our century, he reminded me of Emerson in Concord. After a first operation for cancer four years ago, he still found strength to write two books and start another, which was to be a study of Lewis Mumford; he had taken all the notes for it and finished a first chapter when the work was interrupted by another series of operations. Even after the doctors lost hope and sent him home from the hospital, he still tottered to his desk each day and sat there a few minutes writing.

• • •

May 7.—I have just come back from the funeral, which was held in the little wooden-Gothic Episcopal church in Bridgewater. There was a state policeman directing traffic outside the door. Inside I recognized two of Van Wyck's college classmates, an artist and a poet, his close friends for more than half a century. There were colleagues from



The Seven Arts and *The American Caravan*, which had published the rebel writers of another day, there were friends from the National Institute and the American Academy, of which Van Wyck was chancellor, there was a wide scattering of younger novelists and critics, and there were all the members of his and his wife's families, gathered for once from over the continent, besides a large delegation of his Bridgewater neighbors. Everybody in the church had loved Van Wyck, who was present only in spirit and in an urn of ashes below the altar.

AFTERWARD the mourners who had come from a distance were invited to his old-fashioned house with broad veranda like those he had known as a boy in Plainfield, a house that someone compared to a big Mississippi steamboat. There they were served a luncheon prepared by the Bridgewater ladies. The mourners stayed a long time talking about Van Wyck, but more and more about their own affairs. "It's a great shame," three or four of them said in turn, "that it takes an occasion like this to bring us together." Even in death Van Wyck continued to serve as a meeting point for writers. One might call him the ceremonial king of a purely informal writers' guild which he helped to create in this country and which his books endowed with a collective memory and conscience, besides a sense of its own traditions.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1033

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1033 will be found in the next issue.

RNOBWFOEA RM OBD MB

HFSOFQYA FM GKSQKN, QKD

JGAO RD TWAMEWRQAM

TRYYM RD SFP GFTTAO DB

HB SBWA GFWS.

NABWNA AYRBD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1032

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock; but of wisdom no clock can measure.

—BLAKE.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11 18, 14, 13, 17, 4, 12, 19, 5, 16, 15, 10, 6, 3, 20, 7, 9, 1, 2, 8.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 15

the same key. And so on to the *envoi*.

Were the poet to apply the key to the sixth stanza, however, he would end by repeating the pattern of the first. In the true sestina, as practiced by Arnaut Daniel and Petrarch, it is the pattern of the sixth that is repeated, but as if it were set in double columns:

b e
d c
f a

which, read vertically, the left-hand column first, comes out to *bdfeca*, "for the obvious purpose," as Mrs. Welcyng believes, "of confusing the *Britannica*."

I do not know what symbolism is intended by these elaborate permutations. As a further clue, I note on my own that the key 6-1-5-2-4-3 is another regular sequence, being a simple variation of 1-2-3-4-5-6, as anyone may see by skipping the first, third, and fifth numbers as he reads from left to right, and the sixth, fourth, and second as he reads from right to left. Thus, to achieve the primary sequence of things, one moves out on the even and comes back on the odd. Certainly a numerologist would intend some special significance in such a sequence. I do not know what it means, but that it does mean something seems all but certain.

Numerology, one must bear in mind, had the full status of a science in the span from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, the period in which the sestina flourished. Dante, for example (1265-1321), was a passionate and intricate numerologist and his *Divine Comedy* is, among other things, a structure of numbers—he invented *terza rima* as a way of saying Trinity all the way through, built his poem in three divisions of thirty-three cantos each, adding to ninety-nine as a sum of threes, and prefacing it with a single introductory canto (unity) for a total that adds to one hundred (the first major number). And within this structure, he works hundreds of numerological symbols, each of which can be made to yield to elaborate but convincing analysis.

Let me hope there is a medievalist in the house who can parse out the numerological significance of the sestina pattern as Dante's commentators have parsed out his numerology, and so clarify the "lost symbolism" lamented by the *Britannica*.

But meanwhile, Mrs. Welcyng—"Wow!"

And again—"Wow!"

—JOHN CIARDI.

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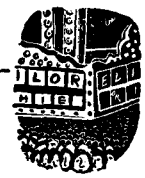

Deep in the Heart of Texas

IN THIS age of heel-heroes and beasts that walk like men, screen writers Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., have pulled a switch that is both commercial and commendable. Working with a few lines from a novel by Larry McMurty, they have created in *Hud* (short for Hud Bannon) a charming, raffish monster who demonstrates by inversion that such old-fashioned virtues as honesty, loyalty, and filial duty are still highly cherishable. Hud, as delineated by Paul Newman, has none of these. He is cocky, arrogant, demanding—fast with women, faster yet with his flashy pink Cadillac. He lives the kind of life that movie dreams are made of. But by the end of the film, there can be no two thoughts about Hud: He is purely and simply a bastard. And by the end of the film, for all his charm, he has succeeded in alienating everyone, including the audience. In the deserted Texas ranch house, he drinks his beer alone—defiantly, but definitely, alone.

This decision to treat a heel as a heel, neither revering nor reforming him, is something quite rare in our movies. One thinks back to *Champion,* and precious few others—largely, no doubt, because few full-fledged stars are willing to tempt fate in a wholly unsympathetic role. *Hud,* which may well stand with *Shane* as an authentic document of one aspect of our West, is the product of an equally rare combination of director and star who have come together specifically to work on pictures that are mutually gratifying. Paul Newman is an actor who enjoys the challenge of off-beat character parts. And Martin Ritt is a director with a marked preference for scripts that explore character in depth instead of narrating story in detail, as he has repeatedly demonstrated in such films as *No Down Payment, The Long, Hot Summer* and *Adventures of a Young Man.* By the terms of their agreement, Ritt and Newman may work independently within the frame of their own company, joining forces only when both feel strongly about the same script—as in *Hud.*

Film-making should be a labor of love. Without the desire to create, without the urge to communicate one's own ideas and enthusiasms, movies quickly degenerate into slick, impersonal claptrap. As it happens, the Ravetches acquired and developed the McMurty novel on their own, without any studio commitment. Having worked with Ritt before, on both *The Long Hot, Summer* and *The Sound and the Fury,* they were able to interest him, and Newman as well, in their script. The result is more than merely a meeting of the minds; it is the kind of creative collaboration too long absent from our screen. As stipulated by contract, the film was shot—partially in Texas, partially on the Paramount lot—without interference by the studio. (Ritt reports that at the studio's request the unremitting final scene was re-shot, but in the interest of clarity, not to change its meaning.)

This happy combination of circumstances, however, would have been utterly in vain had the original material been less than it is. What the Ravetches have created, and what Ritt and Newman have drawn so well, is no portrait of evil, but a full-length study of a contemporary American type. When Ritt previewed his picture in Amarillo, which he had used as his base for the location work, he asked the sheriff if he recognized the central character. "Why, everybody down here's like Hud," the Sheriff replied.

HUD is the second son of a rancher—moody, irresponsible, and guilt-ridden at having caused the death of his elder brother on a drunken automobile ride. As the film opens, he is leaving the bed of a married woman. In the course of it, after a near rape, he forces the family's hired girl to leave the ranch. Conflict with the father breaks out into the open when their cattle come down with the hoof and mouth disease. His solution: Sell them, and ship them north while the government men are still testing. But the father, a weathered pioneer, is a man of principle. He refuses, even though he is aware that Hud is conniving to take the ranch away from him and operate it in a more businesslike way. As Hud cynically puts it, "Nobody gets outta life alive."

All of this is seen through the eyes of a younger nephew who adores Hud, envies his prowess with women, longs to be invited on his drinking expeditions, and bathes in his reflected glory. Gradually, however, the values of his grandfather get through to him, and he comes to recognize that Hud is self-willed, self-centered, and ultimately self-destructive. When the old man dies, he too leaves the ranch, and Hud is momentarily forced to see himself for what he is. His reaction is characteristic: He reaches for a can of beer.

Admirable as it may be as lean, flavorsome storytelling, the Ravetches' scenario can be challenged on several points. Hud is evil to begin with; the script merely details the growing awareness of that evil on the part of young Lon. But how and why he got that way is left unexplored—a curious omission in a picture that is concerned almost exclusively with character. And the purely arbitrary death of old Homer Bannon robs the film of what should have been its key scene, the final confrontation of father and son.

BUT what Ritt has done within these limitations (and with the magnificent assistance of James Wong Howe's black-and-white cameras) is first-rate film-making. Always excellent with actors, he has drawn memorable performances from his small, skilled cast. He uses Newman's considerable personal magnetism first to cover, then to reveal the shallow, egocentric, callous nature of Hud. With his lean, muscular body and scornful smile, Newman's very presence is a threat poised over every scene. Brandon de Wilde, as Lon, continues his series of adolescent portraits, adding here a sense of approaching manhood and responsibility that is utilized beautifully in his scenes with Alma, the hired girl. Alma, played with warmth, dignity, and astounding earthiness by Patricia Neal, is the film's counterfoil to Hud. Although thoroughly disenchanted with life and men, she is proud and independent—and hence eventually is driven off the ranch by Hud. It is a glowing performance that lends richness and humor to the film. Less satisfactory is Melvyn Douglas as the grandfather, not because Douglas is less of an actor, but because his look is too sophisticated, his body too ungnarled to portray convincingly a veteran rancher.

There is precious little else in *Hud* that fails to convince, however. Ritt's eye seems constantly on the alert for verifying detail—Lon walking down Main Street, a transistor radio blaring rock-'n'-roll into his ear; movies with hamburgers afterward for a small-town Saturday night; a teen-age twist contest preceding the greased pig competition of the older folks. He also has an eye for the big scene, such as the stampeding of hundreds of diseased cattle into a huge pit, where they are shot, limed over, and buried by bulldozers. Such incidents—rarely pretty, sometimes cruel—give the film the stamp of authentic Americana, a stamp that can be recognized because its subsurface values are so authentically American as well. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Bridge at West Point

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR," NBC's television film drama series about a fictional forensic psychiatrist, made its debut last fall. It sparked an immediate controversy among psychiatrists, doctors, psychologists, and broadcasters concerning the proper handling of mental illness on the air.

As the dispute festered, the National Association for Mental Health, a voluntary citizens' organization, announced that it planned to convene, under its own auspices and those of the National Association of Broadcasters, a Conference on Broadcasting and Mental Health. The press at once assumed a direct connection between the two events. Actually the NAMH-NAB joint conference had been conceived months before NBC presented *The Eleventh Hour*, but the coincidence turned out to be timely when the group met recently at West Point, New York. The first program in the psychiatry series had presented a rather bizarre picture of mental illness and therapy. It defined sharply and dramatically the issues faced at the conference by thirty-three representatives of the broadcasting industry and thirty-seven professional people in the mental health field.

The networks have worked patiently for nearly three decades to ameliorate unfeeling jokes and stereotyped illusions involving the mentally ill. *The Eleventh Hour* raised fears that even this small progress was about to be undone on a mass scale by distorted television dramas reaching millions of homes every week. The stigma of the mental patient as a violent person berserk in hospital corridors would recapture public consciousness and the psychiatrist would be falsely presented as a charismatic wonder-worker. The much-criticized first broadcast of *The Eleventh Hour* had been "cleared" by a committee of the American Medical Association, and the program carried an audio-visual acknowledgement of the help of the AMA.

Harry Milt, conference coordinator for the NAMH, in order to overcome these pre-conference abrasions, had selected an excellent list of participants. They included Dr. William C. Menninger, president of the Menninger Foundation, and Dr. C. H. Hardin Branch, president of the American Psychiatric Association. Among the broadcasting representatives were Heagan Bayles, board chairman at the Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell and Bayles advertising agency; Joseph Ream, vice president for program practices at CBS; and William Dozier, vice president for West Coast activities of Screen Gems, Inc. Writers, producers, directors, public relations people, and one actress, Miss Inger Stevens of Hollywood, also took part in the day-and-a-half conference. As a participant, I was impressed by the candor and the friendliness of the exchange of opinions and experience. The broadcasters generally conceded that mental health dramas on television were explosive and required special handling. They asked for help from the professionals and challenged them to settle their intramural disputes and organize the machinery of practical consultation in the future. Norman Felton, executive producer of *The Eleventh Hour*, noted that criticisms of the series had been listened to, and changes made. I looked in on a recent program and found that the psychiatrist had been largely shifted off-stage to make room for a drama based on tensions in a nontherapeutic setting.

Still, this series will be on again next season, in addition to *The Breaking Point*, a new psychiatry series on ABC-TV, and *East Side, West Side*, a social work series on CBS-TV. A fourth mental illness series is planned for the following season. As William Dozier pointed out, making next season's ninety hours of mental illness dramas gripping and authentic at the same time will be an impossible order to fill. Yet that is the prospect, not to speak of the other dramas that touch frequently on mental illness.

In the public interest the broadcasters and the mental health professionals must see to it that the bridge designed at West Point is actually built between them and kept functioning at maximum efficiency. The broadcasters need education in mental health theory and practices, and the professionals cannot shirk the duty, in their busy and clinically cloistered lives, to learn the strange ways and power structure of "showbiz." Such is the challenge of the small-screen world that invades all such cloisters. The National Association for Mental Health is to be congratulated for speaking for the interests of the larger society to two special-interest groups. The latter might well ask the NAMH to continue to guide them in their important relationship.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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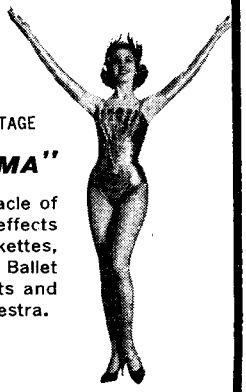

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

MacMillan Week at the Royal Ballet

TWO more new works by Kenneth MacMillan brought his total for the present engagement of the Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House to three, and left one looking forward to number four. That, however, will have to await another season, time having run out on this one. Qualitatively, it left him on an ascending sequence, for No. 2, *Sacre du printemps*, was better than No. 1, *Symphony*, and No. 3, *Invitation*, was more entertaining and a greater audience success than either.

Chronologically, however, this did not speak too well for the English choreographer, as *Invitation*, first done in 1960, is the earliest, *Symphony* the most recent. The embracing question with MacMillan would seem to be: Is he going to be a victim of his own fluency, his theatrical skill in putting together a danceable ballet? Or is he going to stand off, look at what he has done, and plot a true course of direction in the future? Choreographers who are prolific are rare and valuable people; but choreographers who are original, whether prolific or not, are even rarer and more valuable. Three sizable works in about two years qualify MacMillan as a productive worker; but the regression in quality is a matter for concern.

Invitation, which is danced to a score by the late Matyas Seiber, has a good many qualities to commend it. First of all, it treats its subject seriously, but not without a leavening of humor. These are welcome in the story of young love intruded upon and disillusioned that MacMillan has undertaken to tell. The "invitation" of the title would seem to relate to the opportunity afforded the adolescents to experience something riper than they have to offer each other, when a predatory couple on the prowl crosses their path. At a house party—or is it a school commencement? (the detail is hardly that specific)—the man takes the maiden, and the wife takes the boy. The invitation, as accepted, leaves no "RSVP" for the youngsters afterwards, as they drift apart. Some things about it suggest an English version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia?* (or, perhaps, *The Wolf in Norfolk Jacket*).

Had MacMillan unfolded his narrative with something like the succinctness of this synopsis, *Invitation* would be both a better and more absorbing experience than it is. Better, simply for the reason that he would have been less tempted to borrow certain tender touches from Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* or appropriate the method and atmosphere of Lichine's *Graduation Ball* as filler. A straighter line of story would have made the whole more compact and put less strain on his own considerable creativity.

As, for example, a long opening sequence designed to establish the "innocence" of the youngsters. This has more than a trying amount of symbolism in the covering and uncovering of large nude statuary in the garden where the action takes place. Was even Victorian England so secretive about human anatomy? However, at the moment when it appears that propriety is to be unduly exalted, MacMillan brings on his predatory couple to perform an ironic *pas de deux* of their aggravation and the humorous twist sends the plot spinning ahead (for a while). A rather lengthy sequence of "entertainment" (for the school guests) is laugh-provoking, but plot-impeding: MacMillan doesn't quite seem to know which to choose, or—better still—how to combine the two advantageously. Nevertheless, there is one very fine inside joke in the midst of a general choosing up of partners that follows: one male dancer makes an amatory approach to another and, when he is rebuffed, stalks off indignantly. This takes barely seconds, but it is so clean a cameo on a momentarily empty stage that it draws an immediate, refreshed laugh from the audience. This little incident roused more hope for MacMillan than quite a few of the elaborate sequences that were presented in the three ballets.

UNFORTUNATELY, the diverting score by Seiber can have no such future promise, for the composer was killed in an automobile accident shortly after its completion. Hungarian-born but a British subject for years, he commands a considerable range of musical resource, of which little has been heard in this country. The score is full of allusion and parody ranging from Johann Strauss to Shostakovitch and not excepting Stravinsky. At one crucial moment when the "older man" imposes himself on the girl for a seductive *pas de deux*, it did seem that the "invitation" of the title was being answered by a cello solo derived from Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*.

When other interests waned in the hour-long *Invitation*, there was the fine performance of the always provocative Lynn Seymour and an unusually ingratiating effort of the unfamiliar Christopher Gable, to keep the eye occupied. Anya Linden and Desmond Doyle made a believable pair of antagonists as the wife and husband.

MacMillan's *Sacre du printemps* will hardly last as long as Stravinsky's (which is this week celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its first Parisian performance in 1913) but it merits inclusion among the more successful efforts to solve the problem of action vis-à-vis this volcanic score. Perhaps there is more of jazz dance than folklore or conventional ballet in his designs for the principals and ensemble, but that is a response, at least, to the rhythmic propulsion that Stravinsky generated. For the rest, a basic flaw in the ballet is MacMillan's by-passing of more than a few of the sections in the scenario of the original; the action is reduced to the essentials of the Adoration of the Earth, Dance of the Adolescents, Glorification of the Chosen One, and Sacrificial Dance.

TO a degree that is a penalty for a classic: to be reinterpreted by a generation as far removed from the atmosphere of the original as, say, Massine was from the Fourth Symphony of Brahms when he created *Choreartium*. The same Massine's version of *Sacre* enjoys esteem in some opinion, but the MacMillan, when danced as well as it was by Monica Mason, Deanne Bergsma, and Vyvyan Lorrayne in company with the excellent ensemble, has its own justifying impulse.

That ensemble, indeed, merited high praise through a week that included a superb *Sylphides*, an atmospheric reproduction, for the first time in New York, of Andrée Howard's *La Fête étrange* to music of Fauré, *Corsaire pas de deux*, etc. The Howard belongs to an earlier period of Sadler's Wells rather than Royal Ballet, possessing a quiet elegance that found a perfect counterpart in Donald Macleary's enactment of the principal male role. It profited, too, from the deft hand of Robert Irving as guest conductor, with John Lanchberry addressing himself purposefully to such major tasks as the Stravinsky and Seiber, are for an orchestra which had never played either. The gaily atmospheric designs for *Invitation* were by Nicholas Georgiadis, the splashingly colorful ones for *Sacre* by Sidney Nolan.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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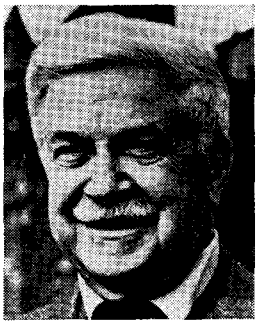

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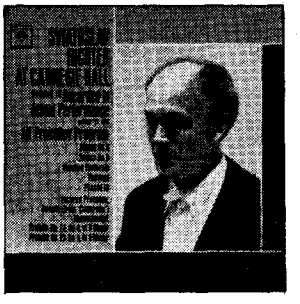

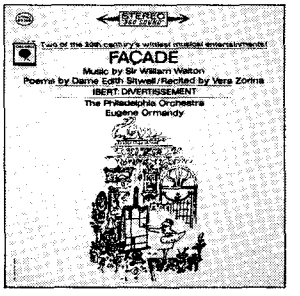

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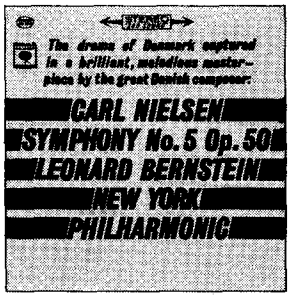
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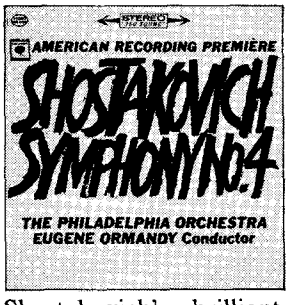

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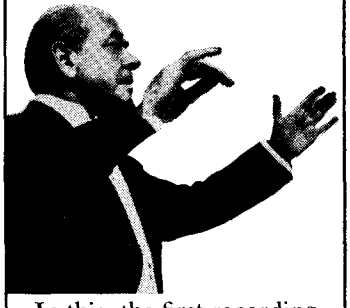

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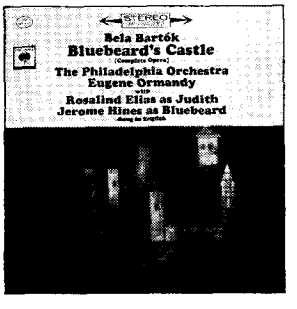

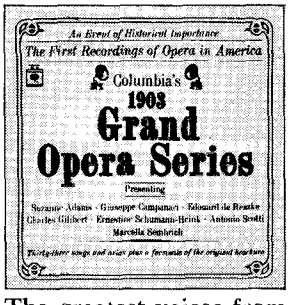

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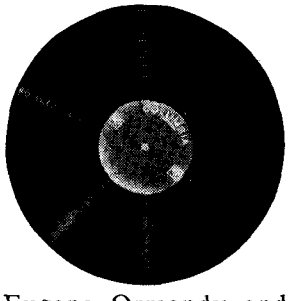

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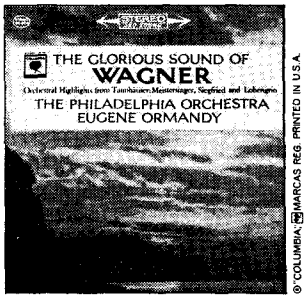

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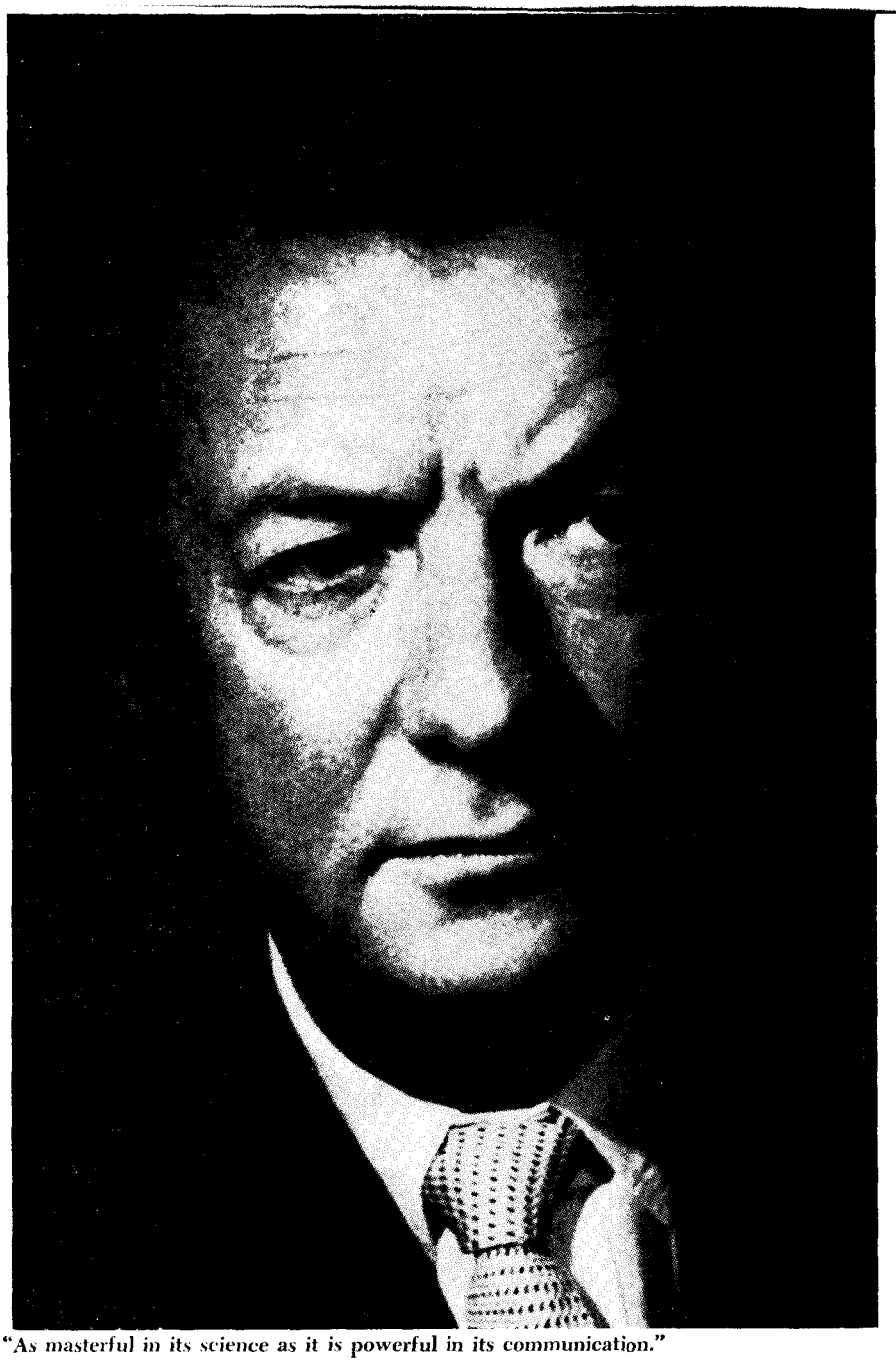

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BRITTEN'S "WAR REQUIEM"

By IRVING KOLODIN

EACH new work of Benjamin Britten since *Peter Grimes* of 1946 has come with a twin cachet: his sure command of musical means and the recollection of the emotional power in that sometimes oblique but always impassioned work. And each succeeding one has, somehow, never quite risen to the same level, even though the command of musical means has invariably rewarded attention to such works as *Albert Herring, Billy Budd, The Turn of the Screw,* as well as the recently reviewed *Spring Symphony* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

At last, however, in the *War Requiem,* first performed in England just a year ago, Britten has encountered a subject that has disturbed him sufficiently to induce submersion as total as in *Peter Grimes.* It began when Britten, as the leading composer of his country, was commissioned to create a work for the consecration of St. Michael's Cathedral at Coventry to replace the structure destroyed during the Battle of Britain. And from his own personal battle of Britten has come the power to create a musical work on a scale rarely heard from anyone in recent years (London OSA 1255, $11.96; Mono A4255, $9.96).

A man can mourn a man, or mankind. But can he also mourn a building, however cherished? Not on an equal level, of course. But he can combine them in an expression of anger and shame at the common cause of destruction, man's inhumanity epitomized by war. Britten has combined them brilliantly by juxtaposing the text of the liturgical *Missa pro Defunctis* —the familiar text of Mozart, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Verdi—with selections from the poems of Wilfred Owen, himself a war casualty. It adds poignancy that Owen was a victim not of the latest senseless slaughter, but of the one before (1914-18)—so that he, too, is in a way a timeless symbol of recurrent human waste. The juxtaposition can be interpreted as one wills, and many will. To my mind (and I have no way of knowing whether it was in his mind or not), Britten was suggesting that it is easier to resurrect a building than a being, easier to recreate a cathedral than to rebuild a generation exposed to slaughter on a massive scale.

Often enough, the poems relate directly to the material of the preceding Latin verses, as in the sequence in which "*Tuba mirum, spargens sonum*" (The trumpet sending its sound through the sepulchre of all lands

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shall gather all before the throne) is followed by a poem of Owen beginning "Bugles sang, sadd'ning the evening air; And bugles answer'd, sorrowful to hear." And it is noted by William Plomer in his brochure comment that Owen's phrase "So Abram rose . . ." follows directly on "*quam olim Abrahae promisisti, et semini ejus*" (Which, of old, Thou didst promise unto Abraham and his seed) in the Offertorium. Elsewhere the connection is not so direct, but is always in keeping with the section of the Mass in which it occurs.

Doubtless there will be those who will take issue with the vulgarizing (in a prime sense of the word) of a liturgical text by the intrusion of secular poetry. But its long prominence in works identified with the concert hall has given this Latin text an esthetic connotation for many who are not communicants of the church from which it is derived, or perhaps of any. It has come to occupy a singular place in the panorama of man's struggle to know himself, and is thus subject to any responsible endeavor to communicate its basic faith.

Britten's procedure has several justifications beyond the primary one of broadening the scope of the work's emotional appeal. It enables him to divide the total musical experience into three parts: the massive orchestral and choral elements for the Requiem text itself; a much more intimate combination of two male voices and chamber orchestra for the Owen poems; and a distant ensemble of boys' chorus and organ which may combine with either, or draw a veil of tonal separation by itself. They are heard together only in the very last section.

Emotionally, it builds a contrast of the eternal, superpersonal lamentations of the Mass and its promise of resurrection, with the temporal doubts, agonies, and sublimations of the poet contemplating the battlefield and its carnage. The tenor and baritone stand aside from all others in the role of soldiers personifying Owen's personnel, in a kind of ghostly reverie of the battle. The meaning of the whole is summarized in the concluding solo of the baritone, which begins: "I am the enemy you killed, my friend. I knew you in this dark." Thus there are no victors but Death, no vanquished but humanity struggling to escape the eons-long curse of hatred.

By usage, and the examples of Mozart, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Verdi, certain devices and allusions have become almost inescapable in a full scale Requiem: trumpet calls, throbbing drums, processionals. But it is to the credit of Britten that in denying himself no legitimate resource for his purpose, he has found ways of his own in which to use them. Some of this derives from the tonal scheme that underlies the work, of which description is lacking in the brochure. I hear it (as well as observe it in the score) as a blending of modal and chromatic elements which provide an ascending scale of mostly whole-tone elements, a descending scale more like the conventional harmonic minor. There is a definite suggestion of D minor at the beginning but the work as a whole moves freely along the ladder of tonality without attraction or obligation to any confining discipline.

Doubtless the musical content of the *War Requiem* will eventually be the subject of a proper guide. (It could well be an expansion of the excellent essay by Peter Evans in *Tempo* which came to me too late for citation in this review.) I can only regret that it is lacking now, for it is as masterful in its science as it is powerful in its communication. The immediate impression is of a work more dramatic than any opera Britten has composed, rising through successive climaxes to a "*Libera me Domine*" (Deliver me, O Lord, from death eternal), which can best be described as a frenetic outcry musically conveyed by resources hitherto unsuspected in this composer. His "*Benedictus*" is expressively tentative and supplicating, the "*Hosanna*" a frame of light by which it is preceded and followed.

AMONG these violent or tender combinations of large forces, the settings of Owen's poems strike a much more personal, intimate, indeed humanistic note. This is not the tragedy of Everyman, but the anguish of Man, expressed in accents ranging from the scherzo of macabre contrast on "We chorused when he sang aloft" to the quiet finality of "Let us sleep now. . . ." Doubtless there are internal relationships of musical elements that will become more evident as familiarity accumulates. It is relatively easy to hear the tolling of the bells at the end as the echo of those which are heard in the opening processional; it is not so easy to recognize the "crippled march" of the double basses under the "*Libera me, Domine*" as "a slower version of the music which accompanied the first poem," as the annotation reveals. It is something to listen for next time.

Enough has been said to suggest that this is a musical discovery the individual music lover will prefer to make for himself, without verbal embellishment. But it can hardly be ignored that the emotional crest of "*Libera me, Domine,*" imposing as it is, raises an uneasy question: what can Britten do next, and how can he resolve this turbulence? The answer, I am happy to say, is a wholly artistic one—a gradual reduction of pressure, through one of Owen's most expressive poems, a heightening of calm and a dying away as silence speaks when words fail.

Something of the work's atmosphere and motivation is touched upon the conjunction, as soloists, of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (German-born) and Galina Vishnevskaya (a Soviet artist) with the English Peter Pears, a self-evident plea for the *Requiem* to be regarded as a memorial for all warring dead. Artistically, it bears the richest results in the singing of Pears and Fischer-Dieskau, the latter excelling his own famously high standard. Indeed, he articulates the English text with quite as much clarity as his accomplished associate to whom the language is native. Fortunately there is no such challenge for Miss Vishnevskaya (the soprano performs only in Latin), whose strong, sharply etched tones are unmistakably audible anytime she is required to sing. Most of the time I find her quality edgy as well as etched; she does, however, make a beautiful effect in the "*Benedictus.*"

In all its other aspects, the work profits from the participation of Britten as conductor, not merely in his sure sense of stress and projection in a massive accumulation of musical detail, but even more in the propulsive effect he has on his associates. To say that he is an inspiring influence on the soloists, the Bach Choir, the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, the Melos Ensemble, and the Highgate School Choir is merely to note that they, first of all, experienced in it what they convey to the listener.

London's technicians are second to none, and the expanse of sound they have drawn into focus from the spacious studio (Kingsway Hall) is all but overwhelming for home reproduction. A surpassing feat of engineering, it nevertheless leaves a whole quota of details unaccounted for as one follows the performance with the score. This is no matter of blame; the range of effects in the huge orchestra, multiple choruses, chamber orchestra, organ, and soloists for which Britten writes is, obviously, meant for "live" performance on the largest scale—as, for example, when the *War Requiem* has its American première at the Berkshire Festival (Tanglewood) under Erich Leinsdorf's direction on July 27. It would not appear that too much urging would be required to assure an overflow attendance for this event. This should, certainly, include the composer himself, if only to close a circle that began with the American première there of *Grimes* in 1946.

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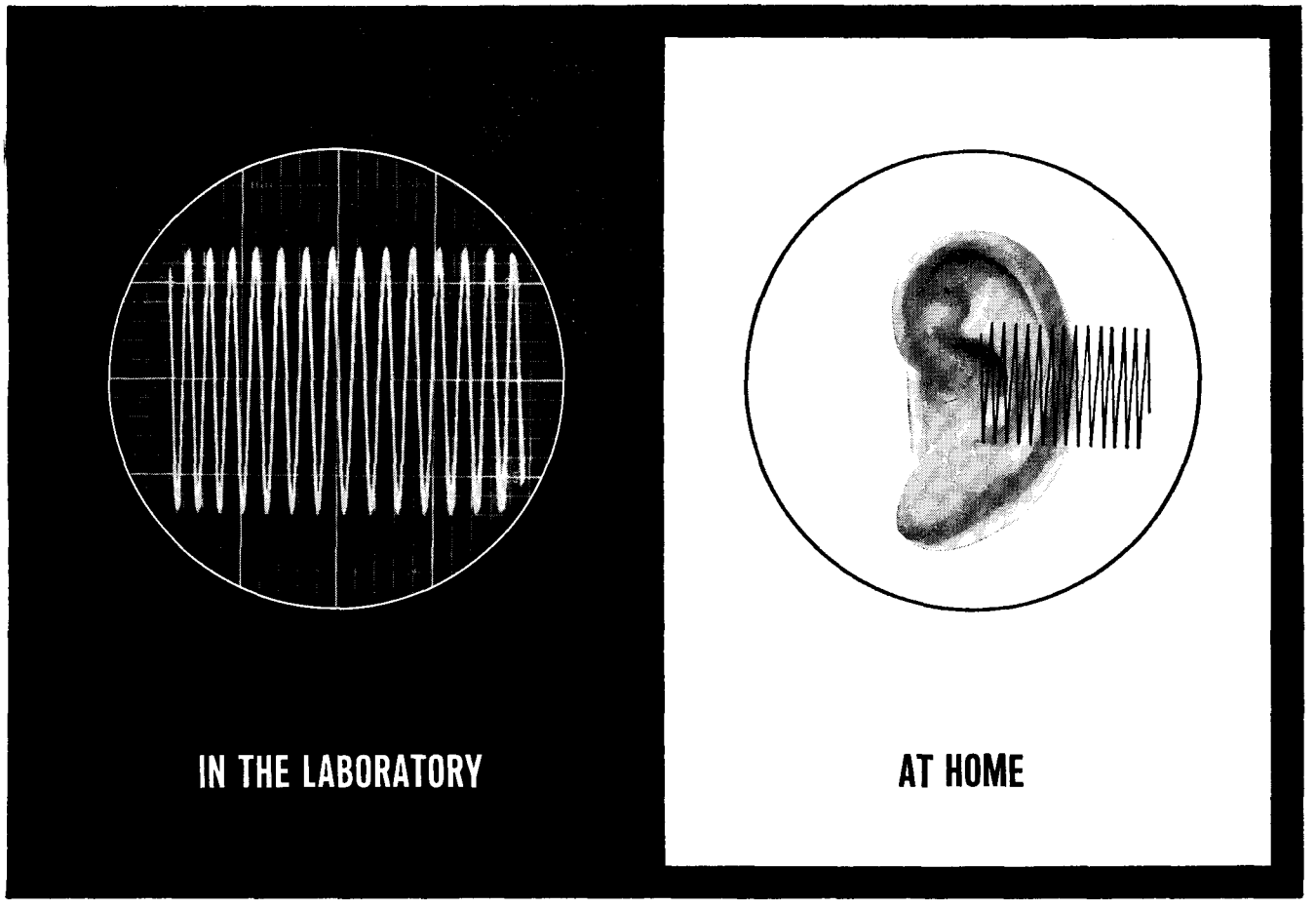

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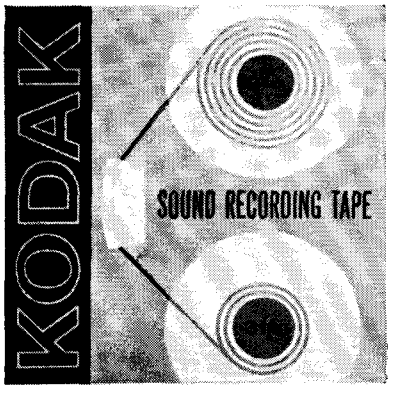

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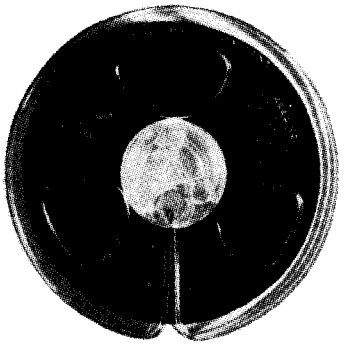

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Nureyev, Plus and Minus

By JOHN MARTIN

TO LOOK at the silver lining of a fairly dark cloud, the New York audiences for the British Royal Ballet season at the Metropolitan Opera House have exhibited a gratifying discrimination in appraising the latest international glamor boy, Rudolf Nureyev. Though both Paris and London fell on their respective faces over him, New York has kept its feet on the ground. There has been, of course, the usual quota of shouting standees, but only rarely has the "animal magnetism" got out of hand.

Perhaps more significantly, that impersonal and inexorable index, the box office, has registered a frigid indifference. Financially the season has been the poorest of the company's seven New York seasons to date. To be sure this is by no means to be laid to Nureyev's presence in the cast, but chiefly to the effect of the newspaper strike on the usually heavy advance sale. On the other hand it has been in no degree alleviated by his presence. As a matter of fact, the only time he has appeared in a performance without the genuinely magic Dame Margot Fonteyn, the theatre was far from full.

In case there is anybody so immune to the international barrage of publicity as not to have heard of Nureyev, let him be summed up briefly here. He is a twenty-four-year-old Tatar who was sent as a promising young dancer from a ballet in Siberia to Leningrad to join the Kirov Ballet there. Two years later, when that company opened an international tour in Paris in the spring of 1961, he had become one of its soloists and was the object of hysterical adulation. As a Tatar, he has inherited the predacity of that somewhat older and until now better known member of his race, Genghis Khan. In other words, he moves in and takes what he wants. Consequently, since he saw a ready-made future in the West, he took advantage of a convenient contretemps, broke away from the company, and sought political asylum, though Communism was in no way involved.

It was a black day for the Royal Ballet when, some months later, he arrived in London as a roving *cause célèbre* and moved in on the company. London is uniquely vulnerable in such a situation. New York takes prevailing fads, animate or inanimate, in its stride as part of the day's normal hooey, like television commercials; Paris, with its heart on its sleeve, tires easily and drops them quickly; but London immediately sets about institutionalizing them.

To Dame Ninette de Valois, the company's director and commanding general, Nureyev was an out-and-out genius, instead of a generally characteristic representative of the technical norm of young Soviet dancers. Now, a year and a half later, she still refuses to listen to anybody who does not share her estimate of him. She could not actually institutionalize him, since he was not a British subject, but she did the next best thing by making him a guest artist. As the old Kaufman-Hart play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, made devastatingly clear, however, a guest can really take over the household if he puts his mind to it.

Dame Ninette is a remarkable and brilliant woman, but, as with LaGuardia, when she makes a mistake, it is a "beaut." This one actually jeopardizes the very company she has herself created. The manifestly unassimilable attitude it introduces serves first to make her male dancers, of whom she has an unusual number of talented ones, seem inferior for all the wrong reasons, and second, to divert attention from the real substance and intent of a beautifully established and soundly oriented organization. This is a British ballet; that is its miracle, its strength, and its glory.

It would be utter nonsense, of course, to picture Nureyev as a villain. He is not out to destroy anything, but only to exalt himself. His identification with the company seems very slight indeed; it is simply his vehicle of the moment. Though he is certainly well aware that he cannot be a permanent part of it unless he becomes a British subject, he has taken no steps to become one after a year and a half of association. But though he is not wilfully destructive, he functions nonetheless as a disintegrating force—to the company, to the works in which he appears, to his own talent.

And make no mistake, he has at least the basis of a very considerable dancing talent as such. His body is altogether a dancer's body, in strength, placement, plasticity, and control, and in spite of some repellent personal mannerisms he is a formidable performer when he chooses to be. But he is erratic, undependable, and moody, and condescends to dance well only when the wind is in the right direction.

In his first *Giselle* of the season his second-act variations were definitely impressive. His first *Sylphides* was admirable, and of course in the pure Leningrad style of the *Corsaire pas de deux* he was supremely in his element. By contrast in the *Flower Festival pas de deux* he exhibited a total incomprehension of the Bournonville style. And his first "Blue Bird" was a triumph of indifference. In a Boris Karloff makeup, he did little more than go through the motions. After all, the house

Fonteyn and Nureyev (in "Corsaire")—"supremely in his element."

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was far from sold out and he was not dancing with Fonteyn. His second performances of all these works may have been of quite different quality. But it is in these short, strictly dancing divertissements that he is at his best.

The *Giselle* as a whole and the *Swan Lake* are disasters. He has been allowed so to shift the emphasis that they become virtually his own production. It is not so much that he remakes them as that he unmakes them, destroying by the extravagances of his personal manner all unity of form and style, and putting in bits and pieces from other productions he has known in a rather pathetic effort to give himself all the plums.

When he makes his first entrance in *Giselle* with a half-bale of mouse-colored hair worn partly à la Bardot and party à la schnauzer, one has the shocked illusion that here for the first time Albrecht *is* being played *en travestie*. The illusion is fortified as the action progresses and his palm-leaf hands describe continuous Spencerian flourishes in the air, briefly resting their fronds from time to time on one collarbone or the other. In the second act he engineers a couple of noteworthy interpolations. The first is one of those short-stepped sprints so characteristic of Ulanova, this one twice around the stage and coming so close to the footlights that you expect him to throw flowers to the audience. The other is the substitution of a series of sixteen *entrechats six* for a pantomimic passage in which Albrecht usually pursues the wraith of Giselle. It is a stunning technical *tour de force*, which not another boy in the company could achieve, but, coming where it does, it is scarcely less startling than if he were to burst into "Vesti la giubba."

The Prince in *Swan Lake* may well be the most boring figure ever conceived by a choreographer, but Nureyev, unwilling to let well enough alone, insists on making him actively offensive. He makes him, indeed, a thoroughgoing paranoiac. Wearing the favorite Nureyev makeup (his greasepaint foundation seems to be a kind of battleship gray), he brings into the first scene with him an equally gray psychosis that pervades the stage like lava and trails him throughout the ballet.

In order to keep the poor, dull character in the foreground at any cost, Nureyev once again inserts bits and pieces from other productions. In the prologue he introduces, from sources unknown, a variation for the Prince, borrowing some music (rarely played) from the *pas de trois*, and consisting choreographically of poetic meditation in more or less early Denisshawn style.

(*Continued on page* 63)

Reissues: Limited and Unlimited

WHETHER or not 1963 proves to be the year of the great reissues, the long-desired restorations already made and those either promised or under consideration for later in the year can only inspire genuine gratitude. This can be reported not merely on behalf of those whose long-felt wants are being satisfied, but also on behalf of those others who hope that the programs will spread to include their unavailable favorites.

The reappearance of MGM discs of contemporary works and obscure pieces by earlier masters was noted in these pages in January. It was an enormous resurrection, involving nearly a hundred records. However, it will be exceeded in quantity by the Westminister revivals before the year is out. After a mere trickle of eight records in March, three volumes of Scarlatti sonatas by Valenti, the complete Haydn Opus 64 by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, all the Boyce symphonies (by Karl Haas), and six more in April (Bach cantatas conducted by Scherchen), Westminster now announces as definite for fall a deluge of 100 more reissues, all remastered from the original tapes. They will be in a new and separate numerical series, "W-9000."

Included among the 100 will be Hermann Scherchen's much-praised recording of Handel's Opus 6 *concerti grossi* (on four single discs) and Geminiani's Opus 3; Valenti in three more helpings of Scarlatti plus a disc of the same composer's violin sonatas (with Julian Olevsky), all the Bach French Suites and a Soler collection; the Bruckner Sixth conducted by Henry Swoboda; all the Schubert quartets and Haydn's Opus 76 set by the VKQ; *The Seven Last Words* by the Amadeus Quartet; some Italian, Spanish, and French songs by Hugues Cuénod; Rameau harpsichord works by Robert Veyron-Lacroix (three discs); Janigro and Veyron-Lacroix in Vivaldi sonatas; all the Prokofiev piano sonatas by Yuri Boukoff, and folk music from India, Spain, Israel, and Brazil. If all goes well, Westminster plans to reissue another 100 next spring. One hopes the Creston symphonies will be among them, and some of the string trios by Pougnet, Riddle, and Pini.

In the meantime, two well-remembered Westminster items deleted a few years ago have appeared on the Vanguard label. They are a Vaughan Williams collection conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (*Folksong Suite*, *Norfolk Rhapsody*, *Greensleeves*, and *Tallis Fantasias*) and, in the Bach Guild series, the splendid 1953 recording of *Messiah* under Hermann Scherchen. Vanguard has also reissued, in its low-priced demonstration series, Boult's recording of the *Eroica*, apparently the only version of that symphony to offer another selection on the same disc (the *Coriolan* Overture).

RCA Victor's recent two-disc Kreisler memorial album includes, among other gems, the Beethoven G major Sonata (Opus 30, No. 3), with Rachmaninoff, and the original recording of the Bach D minor Concerto for two violins, with Zimbalist. Those who missed Koussevitzky's classic reading of Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony* will find it, sounding better than ever, on a bonus disc of Boston Symphony "souvenirs" accompanying the Leinsdorf record of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. Also on the free disc are Koussevitzky's matchless performances of the two Satie-Debussy *Gymnopédies*, Debussy's *Nuages* and *Fêtes* conducted by Monteux, vocal portions of the Munch *Damnation de Faust*, and a real old-timer, Karl Muck's 1917 recording of the Prelude to Act III of *Lohengrin*.

Going even further back, Columbia issued last month, on the sixtieth anniversary of the original release, a two-disc set embracing all its famous 1903 Grand Opera Series. These were the first recordings made in this country by operatic celebrities, preceding the first Victor Red Seal discs by just a month. The only recordings ever released by either of the celebrated de Reszke brothers—Edouard in Tchaikovsky's *Don Juan's Serenade* and arias from *Ernani* and *Martha*—are included here, as are other songs and arias by Campanari, Suzanne Adams, Charles Gilibert, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, and Scotti. Philip L. Miller, chief of the New York Public Library's Music Division, provided the impetus as well as the annotation for this reissue, and the LP transfers were made from the original 78s in the library's record archive.

Columbia's other reissue projects are also in the vocal realm. Eleanor Steber's original recording of Barber's

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Recordings in Review

Ives's Scenes, Flanagan on Albee

IVES: *"Washington's Birthday," "Hallow'een," "The Pond," and "Central Park in the Dark,"* FLANAGAN: *"The Lady of Tearful Regret." William Strickland conducting members of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, with Eva Törklep Larson, soprano, and Yngvar Krogh, baritone. ("Washington's Birthday" is performed by the Imperial Philharmonic, Tokyo.)* Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI 163, $5.95.

Some summer when Tanglewood hasn't got a Prokofiev festival on its mind, it might consider a panoramic survey of the works of Charles Ives. It would enable those who know his works from the fragmentary, cumulative experiences of a concert performance here, a recording there, to decide for themselves how often or in what circumstances he resorted to his favorite device of overlapping tonal images, or the degree of difference there is in the various uses of it. For those who haven't been previously exposed, the experience would be as exhilarating as a first contact with Tanglewood itself.

In this group of excerpts, *Washington's Birthday* has an uncommonly pervasive projection of atmosphere, from the bleak look of the countryside, the sleigh ride to the dance, the delightful cacophony of the barn dance (with a twanging jew's-harp prominently audible) then the homeward ride—to a thinly disguised *Home Sweet Home* — and a final *Goodnight Ladies.* And thanks to Ives's unfailing sense of fitness, his real skill in making his superimpositions occupy different planes of perception as well as projection, it comes out not a potpourri but an artistic entity. *Hallow'een* has more of what is today fashionably called an aleatory character which is to say that the score directs three or four repetitions, with different instruments omitted or included each time. *The Pond* is equally valid a part of the *Three Outdoor Scenes* which concludes with the remarkably vivid *Central Park.* Strickland gets a great deal that is Ivesian from *Central Park* as well as the others.

Flanagan's setting of a text by Edward Albee, poet, before he became Edward Albee, prize-winning dramatist, is very cleverly constructed for its chosen combination of orchestra, florid soprano, and baritone. If there are some inevitable first associations with Debussy's *Damoiselle élue* it goes off thereafter very much in a direction of its own, with a decidedly attractive aural character and a skillful, balancing contrast of the vocal elements employed. These, incidentally, are beautifully fulfilled by the clear, pliant voice of Miss Larson (a kind of Norwegian Marni Nixon) and the smooth lyric sound of Krogh. This side is better recorded than the Ives, but it all suffices.

Steber's Berlioz and Barber

BERLIOZ: *"Les Nuits d'Eté";* BARBER: *"Knoxville: Summer 1915." Eleanor Steber, soprano, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting (Berlioz). With William Strickland conducting the Dumbarton Oaks Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5843, $4.98.

Flattering as it is for a singer to have a performance ten year old reissued, there may be modifed rapture here for Eleanor Steber, who recently issued a new version of *Knoxville: Summer 1915* on the STAND label, which she originated. (*SR* Sept. 29, 1962). Whatever may be said about vocal values—and I much prefer the earlier—there is little doubt that the orchestra directed for Columbia by William Strickland is superior to the Trenton ensemble led by Nicholas Harsanyi.

These intramural matters aside, there can be nothing but gratitude for the reappearance of the Steber version of *Les Nuits d'Eté.* If she ever did anything better for the phonograph, it escapes memory—some other things as well perhaps (Mozart with Bruno Walter, for example), but hardly better. Indeed, such a feat would challenge credibility, for here is the proverbial "everything"—voice, intelligence, vocal artistry, and complete artistic identity with the material. These might come to an interpreter of Miss Steber's quality by self-effort alone, but it is pure chance that she also had so fine a collaborator as Mitropoulos to work with. Possibly this material has been reissued with an eye (or ear) to the project for RCA Victor involving Fritz Reiner, the Chicago Symphony, and Leontyne Price. I'd say that the Berlioz enthusiast would be well advised to invest in the Steber without hesitation or comparison, for it may be a last chance to possess a version of *Les Nuits d'Eté* whose virtues are singular and inimitable.

Eleanor Steber—"modified rapture."

The Barber makes a fine, sequential experience after the two concluding songs of *Les Nuits* on Side 2; the sound hangs in the air like a living thing, pure, full-bodied, and absolutely suited to the material (it was written on a commission by her). I regret, however, that those who didn't get to know the other Berlioz songs ("La Captive," "Le Jeune Pâtre Breton," and "Zaide") coupled with the earlier release of *Les Nuits d'Eté* are denied them here. Perhaps there could be another reissue, in which they would be combined with some of the Steber-Walter Mozart? The sound of the reissued Barber and Berlioz is highly satisfactory, thanks to good antecedents.

Haydn in Paris

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 82-87 (inclusive). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* London CSA 2306, $17.94, mono $14.94.

Whatever the justice of treating these symphonies associated with "Les Concerts Spirituels" in the Paris of the 1780s as a set (the experts note that two and possibly three of the six were in existence before the compliment of a commission reached him) there can be nothing but rejoicing that they have attracted the attention of Ansermet. All have been recorded before, but I cannot cite even one of the six in a recently available issue of the quality of all of these. By comparison with the best known symphonies of the "London" dozen (which followed these by a decade or so) these are relatively lacy, fine-spun works. There are fewer explosive contrasts of forte and piano, not so many broadly cracked musical jokes as in the works with which Haydn delighted his English public. Nevertheless, the orchestra in Paris (as H. C. Robbins Landon tells us in his monumental study on the subject) in-

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cluded forty violins, ten double basses and double woodwinds, which certainly came into his thinking in those of the set specifically created for it, and it is these—Nos. 84, 85 and 86—which are the *crême de la crême.*

Relatively well known among them is *La Reine* (No. 85) so-called because it is said to have enjoyed the favor of Marie Antoinette. When heard in a performance of Ansermet's subtlety and care it clearly shows why Landon sees fit to include it among the best of this period which have "an innate sophistication not of the innocent sort found in the earliest string quartets, but growing out of profound knowledge and experience . . ."

Though cast adrift in the world without so much as a nickname to identify them, Nos. 84 and 86 are prodigal in return for the mere effort of putting the records on a turntable. I don't hear in the *trio* of number eighty-six's *menuet* the hint of a pastorale humor that Beecham would have imparted to a work which is clearly more of the courtyard than the court: but one can read it between the notes, so to speak, so cleanly are they articulated under Ansermet's probing baton. No. 87, again, is of slightly lesser interest, which is to say that only Haydn could have written it, and only Haydn wrote anything better in this style.

One day—and let us hope it is soon—it should be possible to lay end to end all the numerous symphonies of Haydn that have come into recorded currency lately, and see what stretches of the 104 remain barren. This would include, of course, those brought into existence through the efforts of the late Max Goberman and which DGG acquired before his recent lamented death. One year it may even be possible for a scholar to devote a sabbatical to auditioning all one hundred and four and telling the world what the sensation is like. In such a journey through much that would necessarily be arid, the time spent with Ansermet would be an oasis of musical refreshment and sophisticated pleasure. Sparkling, impeccably organized recording.

Haydn — "has come into recorded currency lately."

Sutherland's "Command Performance"

WEBER: *'Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster'* (*"Oberon"*); MASSENET: *'Pleurez mes yeux'* (*"Le Cid"*); MEYERBEER: *'Ombre légère'* (*"Dinorah"*); LEONCAVALLO: *'Stridono lassu'* (*"Pagliacci"*), *"Mattinata"*; VERDI: *'Tu del mio Carlo'* (*"I Masnádieri"*), *'Tu puniscimi, i Signore'* (*"Luisa Miller"*); ROSSINI: *'Vorrei spiegarvi'* (*"Cambiale di Matrimonio"*); BELLINI: *'Deh! se un 'uma'* (*"Beatrice di Tenda"*); BENEDICT: *"The Gypsy and the Bird"*; ARDITI: *"Parla," "Il Bacio"*; RICCI: *'Io non sono piú l'Annetta'* (*"Crispino e la Comare"*); TOSTI: *"Ideale", "La Serenata"*; BISHOP: *"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark"*; FLOTOW: *'The Last Rose of Summer'* (*"Martha"*); WALLACE: *'Scenes that are brightest'* (*"Maritana"*); BALFE: *'I dream'd that I dwelt'* (*"Bohemian Girl"*); BISHOP: *"Home Sweet Home"*; *Joan Sutherland, with orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge.* Also *Bonynge, piano, John Dobson, tenor, Alexander Murray, flute, and Tina Bonifacio, harp.* London OSA 1254, $11.96, mono A 4254, $9.96.

Of Miss Sutherland's privilege of singing anything her voice can encompass—which is to say, *anything*, including *Old Man River* with banjo obbligato—there is absolutely no question. But why must those who would welcome the opportunity to add her performances of "Tu del mio Carlo" (a grand example of Verdian rococo) or "Ocean! thou mighty monster" or "Vorrei spiegarvi" to their collections sit still also for *Mattinata, Ideale* (*Good Bye Summer* is, no doubt, being held over for a companion album to be entitled *Gala Farewell*), and *Il Bacio* is, apparently, London's business—and they have no intention of splitting the business between Sutherland-fanciers and music lovers if they can hook both with the same double-duty lure.

Miss Sutherland's determination to prove her versatility means one is constantly vacillating between admiration for her management of "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster" (as the title suggests, in English) and astonishment that she should believe those who tell her she can suggest a Massenet heroine in the *Cid* excerpt; delight in the clean facility of her "Shadow Song" (aside from the silly "baby-voice" recitative) and depression with the heavy, earthbound try at Nedda's "Ballatella" from *Pagliacci.* The arias from the two seldom-heard Verdi operas are among the most interesting and rewarding of all the legitimate material she sings, and the performances are ear-tingling in their facility and ease. There is also the same kind of steady correlation of matter and manner in the Rossini and Bellini episodes.

The arrangement of what I call the legitimate material on one disc and the other kind on the other suggests that, at some future time, they may be uncoupled and issued separately. Since the average interested party will not want to wait that long for the record *he* wants, perhaps he can leave his name with a dealer, and as yeas and nayes are tabulated in Congress, arrange a pairing with an opposite-minded purchaser who will give up a Weber-Verdi-Rossini disc in order to hold a Benedict-Bishop-Tosti.

I have no doubt which will gain by the exchange, for Miss Sutherland is really a bit down-to-earth and vocally substantial for such musical flora and fauna as "The Gypsy and the Rose," "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," and "The Last Rose." The quality is unfailingly glossy, the care of execution unfaltering. However, the sound rarely gives the illusion of being about to soar off into space (as it did with Galli-Curci and the early Pons). It is completely gravity-prone, bearing down rather heavily on the slightness of sentiment in *Parla, Il Bacio,* and *La Serenata,* not to mention a *Mattinata* that sounds more like "Vissi d'arte," and a version of "I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls" which is Very Stately indeed. Ah, versatility, what sins are committed in thy name!

As this two-part package and its art work are devoted to a fanciful *Command Performance,* the way is now open — via *Good-bye, Summer* — for *Cala Farewell,* followed by *Sutherland Sings Again,* the *Joan and Richard Show* and, eventually, *Empire Jubilee* in 1987 to mark the 150th anniversary of the accession of Victoria.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concertos in A minor and E major. David Oistrakh, violin, with members of the Vienna Symphony. Concerto in D minor. David and Igor Oistrakh, violin, with Eugene Goossens conducting members of the Royal Philharmonic. DG St 138 820, $6.98, $5.98, mono.	Either Milstein or Heifetz, Stern or Francescatti might match the Oistrakh standard in the A minor and E major, but could either produce an offspring able to share the opportunities of the Bach "double" on equal terms? The answer, obviously, is no. The further fact is that artful and strongly articulated as the solo concerti are, it is the D minor for whose even, eloquent performance this record is truly memorable. Whether this is related to the ameliorating effect of son Igor's refined, more gentle artistry on his father's forceful mode of performance is speculation. I would relate it rather to the profitable participation of the late Goossens, who made one of the best efforts of the later years of his life in balancing the solo-ensemble values much more precisely than Oistrakh, Sr., did in his double function of soloist and conductor. Very fine sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Command CC 11014 SD, $5.98.	As a consummation of Steinberg's work in Pittsburgh, this disc has much to commend it; as a communication of what the orchestra and the conductor have to say together on the subject of Beethoven's seventh, it is forthright, unified, impressive in its clarity of detail. The things I find wanting, however, are in the realm of motivation, fervor, impact. Steinberg likes beautiful playing and gets it from his personnel; whether he conceives music emotionally, or merely as a kind of word game played with tones, I do not know. The most memorable movement of this performance, in retrospect, is the scherzo, simply because it is up-tempo—several shades faster than is customary, or perhaps even desirable. But I do not find his first movement rhythmically exhilarating, or the slow movement as brooding as it can be, or the finale really propulsive. Fast, yes; but not fast-with-force. Thus, the values tend to be concerned with objective elements like speed, but less with the subjective of values.
Bliss: Concerto (1939). Trevor Barnard, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Angel 36100, $5.98.	Like his concerto for violin and orchestra of much more recent date, this work has had few if any performances in America since it was introduced at the World's Fair of 1939 (for which it was commissioned). Why this should be so, only pianists who have been overworking the Rachmaninoff-Gershwin literature could answer. It hasn't the strength of the one or the originality of the other, but it is a work of eminently agreeable qualities, warmly felt and skilfully organized. Not having been particularly modish when new, it has now no aspect of being dated—save as it "dates" from a time when a composer was not ashamed to write as he felt and feel what he wrote. The twenty-five-year-old Barnard (he was born just when the work was) commands much of what the score requires in power and pianistic articulation. There should be a good word, too, for Sargent, who has a persuasive grasp of the work's content and fortunately doesn't overstate that content or belie its significance. Very good sound.
Handel: Concertos Nos. 2 (B flat), 5 (F) 13 (F) and 16 (F). E. Power Biggs organ with an ensemble from the London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Columbia Stereo MS 6439, $5.98.	Much is made of the use here of an organ in a mid-England church originally constructed (in a private home) to Handel's specifications and performed upon it by him. This has its curiosity interest; the sound is generally suited to the music save where (in the slow movement of No. 13, "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," it extrudes mechanical noises. Rather more influential on the total result are the unenlivening inclinations of Boult. This is especially burdensome in the fast movements, which roll out like punches from a paper rather than "live" performances. Biggs lends some distinction to the slow movements, but they are all too much of a piece. There are, however, abundant musical interests in the works themselves, especially in the brooding bridge passages of No. 16. Considering the locale (Great Packington, in the Forest of Arden), the reproduction is carried off well.
Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A, *Musikalishe Spass* (K. 522). Renato Ruotolo conducting the Orchestra San Pietro. Decca DL 710068, $5.98.	Ruotolo and his fellow Neapolitans (Decca is to be congratulated for publishing some words about the little-known group on the record sleeve) sustain a high level of execution, which provides a stimulating start for the symphony. However as it progresses one feels the want of a) a little heavier weight of sound than the ensemble can produce b) a bit more gravity of manner than they provide for the slow movement. A matter of national temperament probably, in which the constant sun of the Mediterranean is ever present. Nothing is wanting in the Divertimento so far as sound is concerned (it was composed for a sextet and may be played more if desired. However the humor is a little low-key, which is fine as contrast for some of the broader jokes when they occur, but lets more than a few subtleties of the spoofing get away—as in the slow movement. Good enough recording.
Prokofiev: *Cinderella* suite, *The Ugly Duckling*. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Stadium Orchestra, with Regina Resnik, soprano. Everest S 3108, $5.98.	Here is what, with a little stretch of the language, could be called not only a paradox but a paradisk: a coupling of a very well played and recorded suite from *Cinderella* with a very much less well recorded performance of *The Ugly Duckling* (in which, however, Miss Resnick sings artistically), followed by three orchestra-piano pieces of Debussy's (including *Gollywogg's Cake Walk*) that are neither credited nor mentioned on the sleeve or the label. Whether the performances are even by Stokowski is left unanswered. Not a particularly good representation of the Everest name in any case.
Prokofiev: *Romeo et Juliet* (Suites Nos. 1 and 2). Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury stereo SR 90315, $5.98, mono MG 50315, $4.98.	Skrowaczewski has a strong sense of some vital elements in this music—color and rhythm especially—but not so strong for others equally vital. Primary among the latter are pace and dynamics: he is inclined to be quicker or slower than is desirable in fast or slow passages, so the balance of tempi in the dance music (it is, after all, a ballet) is a little off-center. And the levels of sound are not always arranged to the best advantage of the abundant contrasting planes on which it is arranged. On the whole, a lively, beautifully played treatment, which has some elements of eccentricity and disproportion. Very good sound. For those in quest of the sections included, they are listed as: Folk Dance, Scene (Mercutio), Madrigal (Romeo at the ball), Minuet (arrival of the guests), Masks, Balcony scene, death of Tybalt. Suite 2 includes Grand Fête, Juliet with her Nurse, Carnival, Romeo and Juliet Before Parting, Dance of the Maids from the Antilles, and Romeo at Juliet's Tomb.
Ravel: *Rapsodie Espagnole, La Valse, Pavane pour une Infante Défunte, Alborado del Gracioso*. Ibert: *Escales*. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony. Mercury SR 90313, $5.98.	A truly cheerful record, this one raises no questions but the enduring one: How does Paray get an orchestra that does not enjoy a rating with the best to play like one for records? Perhaps the answer is that it is the rating that should be revised, for in addition to an expectable amount of technical precision, the orchestra imparts an amount of enjoyment in playing (to its version of *La Valse* especially) that is rarely heard even from those of greater celebrity. In this company, Ibert's Mediterranean cruise sounds more like a movie soundtrack than it usually does. The executive art is no less, but there is much less with which to work. Clean, luminous reproduction, though the English horn in Tunis-Nefta has a more than commonly exotic sound in my copy, which is sufficiently off-center to make Ibert more of a realistic than he intended to be. —IRVING KOLODIN

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Haydn in the Park

By IVAN BERGER

THE ubiquitous portable is joining the FM boom. Today a flood of transistor portables is bringing FM beyond the restricted reach of power lines, and in five years FM radio production will surpass that of the more familiar AM sets. FM's growth is the result of its superior interference rejection, greater tonal range, a generally higher standard of programming, and the recent introduction of stereo broadcasting.

The FM (frequency-modulated) wave carries sound by varying its frequency, while the AM (amplitude-modulated) wave varies its strength instead. Since the strength of an FM signal is steady, and since lightning and similar interference resemble a change in signal amplitude more than a change in frequency, FM is free of static under all but the most adverse conditions. This built-in quality extends to all FM radios with any honest claims to adequacy, and to virtually all the FM portables examined for this report.

FM's greater tonal range—up to 15,000 cycles per second, the third overtone of a piano's highest note—is an arbitrary standard, not a basic by-product of the FM process. While no FM portable can yet compete with the average high fidelity system in taking advantage of this range, the best of the new portables are quite good.

The average AM-only portable is limited by the restricted frequency range broadcast in AM; and even within those limits, most of the smaller sets produce the roar of an angry sea as their closest approach to music. FM portables, with one or two pocket-size exceptions, use better and larger speakers than their AM counterparts, along with more elaborate and powerful audio output circuits. Most FM portables have tone controls, and at least one (the Dynaco-B&O) has separate controls for both bass and treble.

As a class, the FM portables are capable of great—and insidious—volume. Those whose ears have been trained by summers at the beach to associate loudness only with distortion may be blissfully unaware how far the clearer sound of their FM portables is carrying. Earphones—though they offer less than optimum tone quality—are available and should be used in public places; adapter plugs for higher-quality headsets can be installed by those handy with radios, or by neighborhood repairmen. Tchaikovsky can be as annoying as Chubby Checkers to those who don't want to hear either.

The best hallmarks of sound quality—in addition, of course, to the evidence of one's own ears—are the size of the speaker (the larger the better; among those listed below, the Zenith 2000 and the Dynaco-B&O led with 5″x7″ units), the material of the case (the softer the better; the soft plastic Dynaco-B&O and the leather Zenith 880 most effectively avoided a harsh "plastic" sound), and the rated audio output power. While the number of transistors and diodes in a circuit is some indication of quality, such variables as the circuit design and the quality of the transistors are more consequential—and more difficult to judge.

But the set manufacturers have little control over the biggest advantage of the FM portables: the quality of the programs available. The best music, the most stimulating programs, are to be found more often than not on FM. Of forty-one noteworthy programs singled out by the *New York Times* on a recent and typical day, twenty-six, or 63.4 per cent, were available in FM only, and only two, or 4.9 per cent, were exclusively on AM. A few weeks of portable listening brought the author a Haydn quartet in Central Park, Kirsten Flagstad on New York's Lower East Side, our first hearing of Marcella Sembrich on a commuter train, poetry readings at home, and a municipal budget hearing during an automobile trip.

Many of today's FM portables are adaptable to automobile use, with accessory brackets for under-the-dash mounting, input jacks for auto antennas, and conveniently placed control panels. Of those checked for this report, only the B&O was so adaptable; FM reception in a moving car proved effective within the metropolitan area, and the tone was at least as good as that of the best auto radios. Unfortunately, the portables, even those de-

(*Continued on page* 56)

Some representative FM portables, in order of estimated audio quality:

Radio	*Number of: transistors*	*diodes*	*Speaker Size*	*Price*	*Features:*
Dynaco-B&O	9	2	5″x7″	$149.95	Tuning meter, bass and treble controls, two short - wave bands, tuner output, auto antenna input, 1-watt audio output.
Zenith R2000	11	3	5″x7″	149.95	Tuner output, AFC, ½-watt audio output.
Zenith R3000	13	3	4″x6″	275.00	Dial light, AFC, six short - wave, one long - wave bands, tuner output, ½-watt audio output.
Zenith R880	9	3	4″	89.95	
Magnavox FM-90	10	4	4″	59.95	dial light.
Magnavox FM-97	9	3	5″	99.95	local-distant switch, dial light SW and marine band.
Magnavox FM-96	9	3	5″	89.95	Same as FM-97, but no SW band.
Lafayette FS-251	12	4	3″x5″		AFC, tuning light, multiplex output, AC adaptor input.
Lafayette FS-245	9	4	3″x5″	29.95	
Magnavox FM-93	9	4	2½″	49.95	Pocket-size.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartets Nos. 11 (Op. 95) and No. 16 (Op. 135). Juilliard Quartet. RCA Victor LSC 2632, $5.98, mono, LM 2632, $4.98.	Efficiency could hardly be more compulsively applied than in this pair of forceful, scrupulously accurate, and musically impeccable performances. The Juilliard ensemble clearly believes that when Beethoven wrote *allegro con brio* he meant it, not *allegro con brio* until you have to slow down for thirty-second notes. When they chose a tempo (and it is almost always unassailably right) it is sustained without deviation or equivocation. Now and then, especially in a slow movement or at the emotional crest of an allegro, one might ask a little more expansiveness of mood, a swelling out of the phrase, or a little liberty in the emphasis to assure the listener that this is an ensemble of human beings. Very well planned reproduction—balanced, responsive, clean.
Beethoven: Trios Op. 70, Nos. 1 and 2. Maurice Wilk, violin, Adolph Baller, piano, and Gabor Rejto, cello. Decca Stereo DL 710064, $5.98.	The late Wilk and his associates shared a compatible sense of chamber music performance that lacked only the final gloss of eloquence to rate among the best. Too often, that is, the playing rates on the order of acceptable or efficient, without commanding the order of expressivity to absorb the listening attention. The difference artistically (however much the present versions may excel acoustically) can be found by comparison with the performances (on Columbia) in which Casals is the cellist, Joseph Fuchs the violinist, and Eugene Istomin the pianist. Not stereo of course, or on the same disc. But more meaningful Beethoven.
Chopin: Mazurkas Op. 7, Nos. 1 and 3; Op. 24, Nos. 2 and 4; Op. 30, Nos. 3 and 4; Op. 33, Nos. 1, 2, and 4; Op. 41, No. 2; Op. 50, No. 3; Op. 63, No. 3; Op 67, No. 4; Op. 68, Nos. 2 and 4. Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Angel S 35983, $5.98.	Every one of these fifteen mazurkas is a beauty, which could be said probably of any fifteen chosen at random from the total of fifty-eight; but Malcuzynski's judgment could hardly be exceeded for maximum interest, contrast, and quality. His performances are equally strong testimonial to his affection for and understanding of this material, and his ability to translate both into meaningfully pianistic terms. Now and then his strong rhythmic sense, which is one of his prime assets, leads him into shortening the characteristic dotted figure of the mazurka pattern in a way that blurs its outline. Prevailingly, however, this is a warmly satisfying performance, in a clearly masculine tradition of non-languishing Chopin. Very good reproduction, too, from a large studio or small concert hall.
Chopin: Sonata in G minor, Op. 65; Mendelssohn: Sonata in D, Op. 68. Janos Starker, cello, with Gyorgy Sebök, piano. Mercury SR 90320, $5.98, monaural MG 50320, $4.98.	These are model performances, in unity of viewpoint and the evenly balanced musical projection of it. Now and then, Sebök (a Budapest friend of Starker's student days and reunited with him in the aftermath of the uprising of 1956) tends to become overenthusiastic, especially in the Chopin, but it does not persist long enough to affect the balance or proportion of more than a few measures. Starker's flowing, beautifully modulated tone and his refined sense of phrasing are supple instruments for the accomplishment of artistic purpose. They count for most in the Chopin, which provides a less common expression of the composer's individuality than the Mendelssohn, which is full of formula (his own, of course, but formula nonetheless). Very good sound.
Elgar: Introduction and Allegro, Serenade; Vaughan Williams: *Fantasia on a theme by Tallis, Fantasia on Greensleeves.* Sir John Barbirolli with the Allegri quartet and a string ensemble. Angel S 36101, $5.98, mono $4.98.	Is it altogether a coincidence that this disc exactly duplicates the contents of London CM 9053, on which Anthony Collins is the very able conductor? If so, it is an untoward happenstance that includes both toward the Elgar Serenade, one of Elgar's lesser works for all that it is very well written for the ensemble of strings. In the Introduction and Allegro the solo parts are performed by the Allegri ensemble (of which Eli Goren is leader), and well, too. As one who recorded the work as long as the Twenties, Barbirolli has a ripe understanding of its values, which he delivers in full measure. The two Vaughan Williams scores are no less thoroughly comprehended, both in his leadership and the fulfillment of it by the excellent ensemble.
Mozart: Sonatas in C (K. 330), in B flat (K. 333), Fantasy in C minor (K. 396). Daniel Barenboim, piano. Music Guild stereo S-40, $6.50.	Several years have elapsed since Daniel Barenboim's previous recording which means, at his age (his is now 21), that several cycles of change and development could have taken place. If anything, his pianistic control is surer, his articulation cleaner, his command of dynamics more refined. These are all matters highly relevant to superior performance of Mozart, especially in association with the musical instincts and scholarship that have characterized Barenboim's performances in the past. If there is an adverse judgment to be entered here, it would relate to a rather self-conscious kind of ascetism which tends to make his phrases rigid and lacking in flexibility, too many too similar, thus imparting a mechanical aspect to his performing. Both his piano sound and reproduction of it are a fulfillment of the composer's purpose.
Picchi: *Balli d'Arpicordo;* Frescobaldi: *Aria detta la Frescobaldi, Corrente in F major,* Five Galliards, Twelve *Partite Sopra l'Aria di Ruggiero.* Rafael Puyana, harpsichord. Mercury Stereo SR 90259, $5.98, Mono MG 50289, $4.98.	Frescobaldi is hardly a composer whose works could be called familiar, but he is that beside Giovanni Picchi. A musician of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, Picchi has been honored by the inclusion of one of his works in the celebrated *Fitzwilliams Virginal Book,* and also favored by Ottorino Respighi in his transcriptions called *Ancient Dances and Airs.* In his informative (though poorly printed) annotations, Puyana identifies him as an organist, but these pieces are beautifully suitable to the harpsichord and the harpsichordist. The subtlety of his phrasing and the precision of his articulation are highly contributory to the net of the result. Where a more forceful attack is required in the Frescobaldi, he commands that, too. Very good balance in the reproduction—but, oh that printing! Who can read it and why should it all be crowded into so small a space?
Prokofiev: Sonatas Op. 80, Op. 94. Josef Szigeti, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Mercury SR 90319 $5.98.	Szigeti's violinistic command was never of the virtuoso stature of Oistrakh's, who also plays these works on records, and it is appreciably less today than a decade or more ago. However, there is an authority in his treatment of content that no other value can supplant, and he manages a surprising amount of the agility to deliver the faster passages with thrust and clarity. Enduringly, Szigeti has been a violinist who has sought out first-rate associates at the piano (Andor Foldes, Nikolai Magaloff, and Mieszczyslaw Horszowski at various times past), and the partnership with Balsam is as productive of good results in Op. 80 as in his previous recording with Leonid Hambro (on Columbia). Very good reproduction.
Schumann: *Papillons,* Sonata in G minor (Op. 22), *Faschingschwank aus Wien.* Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Angel S 36104, $5.98.	Whether any of these may be termed "performances" in the common sense of that term, is difficult to determine. They represent the net of forty hours of tape collected by a technical troupe that followed Richter around Italy in a concert tour last October and November. The closest thing to a clarification is contained in the words "The final results represent the quintessence of the best"—which may be interpreted to mean anything from the best measures to the best movements. Some of it, especially in the briefer portions of *Papillons* and *Carnival in Vienna,* is ravishingly beautiful in sound, in thought, in the distillation of a clear *Eau de Schumann:* but the next piece or the next movement, can be lacking flexibility, a hard-driving recitation of notes without much feeling. The listener is required thus to take it for what it is—a compelling demonstration of pianistic command illuminated from time to time by a beam of light that penetrates the heart of the subject. —I.K.

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Petri in Retrospect

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is, regrettably, the last article to be published in* SR/RECORDINGS *by Jan Holcman, who took his life early in April. Holcman, who was born in Lodz, Poland, in 1922, long suffered ill health in the aftermath of war experiences that included a Nazi concentration camp and a difficult life in Russia and Palestine, where he was evacuated with General Anders's Polish Army. He came to the United States in 1947, and pursued a career of research, teaching, and writing after his graduation from the Juilliard School of Music. A comment on his work is contained in "Letters to the Recordings Editor" on page 62.*

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE EARLIEST indication that Egon Petri was musically endowed was a plea from an exasperated teacher in a Dutch kindergarten. She wrote his mother asking her to restrain the three-year-old from confusing the little children's chorus by singing improvised accompaniments.

Two years later, Egon began a musical flirtation with his first love, the violin. Under the keen eyes of his parents, cultured musicians in their own right, he made the acquaintance of four instruments, and at the age of fourteen was employed by the Dresden Opera Orchestra as a violinist. This delay in his piano studies was not disadvantageous, since violin training undoubtedly helped him gain his later reputation as a pianist with "two right hands."

Petri's first real piano instruction came from Buchmayer and Carreño, who suggested that he practice swift passages with a glass of water resting on the back of each hand—his hands to remain dry throughout the exercise. It was not until 1900, after a year with Ferruccio Busoni, that Petri decided upon a piano career. Paderewski encouraged his choice, but it was Busoni who left a deep imprint on every facet of Petri's development.

Although Petri took no more than a dozen formal lessons with Busoni, he was far more a pupil of Busoni's than other virtuoso students such as Zadora or Sirota. Petri not only heard Busoni in his prime, but played with him in duo-piano recitals, was a soloist to Busoni's conducting, and exchanged innumerable thoughts and ideas in their thirty-eight-year friendship. It was on Busoni's advice that Petri turned to composition and became interested in transcriptions. And it was Busoni who invited Petri to collaborate on Bach editions, inspired him to undertake teaching, and recommended him to managers and conductors. Busoni's influence extends, not unexpectedly, to Petri's repertoire. Aside from performing Busoni's own works, Petri took delight in reviving some of Liszt's monstrosities, as well as the works of such neglected specialists as Alkan (Chopin's close friend, and the person to whom Chopin bequeathed the task of finishing his piano "method"). The last Beethoven sonatas and Brahms's *Paganini Variations* were among many pieces that Busoni played for Petri, who later included them in his own repertoire. In acknowledging his great debt to Busoni, Petri said he could not have become the same pianist if it were not for Busoni.

By contemporary standards, Petri was pressing middle age when he began his concert career in England at the age of twenty-one. Starting in 1911, he taught for several years at the Manchester Royal College of Music, and offered an impressive cycle, including the thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. He repeated this cycle for the last time at the age of seventy-eight, in California, long after illness had curtailed his concert work. He is particularly well remembered in Russia as one of the first foreigners to tour the Soviet Union (in 1917), and as the innocent instigator of a "piano war" between the belligerent factions of the Schnabelists and Petrites—a conflict between the respective audiences of Leningrad and Moscow.

—*Culver Pictures, Inc.*

Petri—"nothing can equal independent experimentation."

By 1925 Petri had established his "home base" in Poland's most fashionable mountain winter resort, Zakopane, reminiscent of the Swiss Tyrol. He lived and taught there between concert trips, and the village became a miniature Mecca for piano pilgrimages from all over the country as well as abroad. It was a constant invasion, and his failure to protest was symptomatic of his very generous and modest nature. In a letter to this writer, he joked that the shortest word in English, "No," was the hardest for him to utter. The same kindness was manifest at a time when, intent upon an instructive edition of all twenty-four Chopin etudes, the project fell through because "The young publisher, after borrowing 1,000 marks from me, went broke and completely disappeared so that the two studies which you own are all that ever appeared."

During the time Petri spent in Poland, the country appreciated his choice of residence and for his artistic contributions awarded him its highest honor —the *Order of Polonia Restituta*. He enjoyed this life until 1939, when, having received warning through diplomatic channels six days before the German attack, he departed for the Netherlands, abandoning his library of rare editions and manuscripts, and some 300 letters from Busoni. This second haven was also in the *Wehrmacht's* path, and in 1940 Petri started life a third time. He settled, eight years after his American debut, as pianist in residence at Cornell University, and later moved to California.

It is by no means a simple task to categorize Petri's artistry. He mined an ore rich in many elements. In evaluating the influence of Busoni upon Petri's approach to the piano, similarities are apparent, but their interpretive idioms differ stylistically. Though Petri was only eleven when he heard him, there was one pianist who had impressed Petri even more than Busoni: Anton Rubinstein. Nevertheless, Rubinstein's style, as far as we know, is not reflected in Petri's pianistic art.

Petri's reading of Liszt's *Erlkonig* is formidable, but does not sing with the power and lightness of the oratorical Hofmann. Petri takes a graphic approach rather than that of a colorist—DuBuffet rather than Gaugin. Huneker would classify Petri among the cerebrals, remarkable for his intellectual capacity rather than emotional impulsiveness. Petri's antisentimentalism, inherited from Busoni, carried him perhaps a bit too far for one lacking Bu-

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soni's counterbalancing characteristics. It is not to say that Petri's conception is never original.

Petri began to record in his fifties, and therefore there is no acoustical disc to reveal his earlier art. His thirty-year discography amounts to about eight hours of listening pleasure divided between 78s and LPs—a repertoire including miniatures such as the twenty-four Chopin preludes and the monumental canvas of the *Hammerklavier*. His 78s are all electrical, the majority by Columbia, with a few HMV intruders on ten-inch LPs by Westminster and Allegro include the last four Beethoven sonatas.

Only Michelangeli is Petri's true competitor in the Brahms *Paganini Variations*. Petri's treatment of these variations is symphonic as he builds the more resonant sections to imposing stature, and then offers unexpected elegance in a waltz-like variation. Another classic is his reading of the Liszt A Major Concerto. His supreme tribute to Busoni is the *Fantasia Contrapunctica*, an LP disc displaying climactic left-hand octaves. In this disc Petri's pianism reaches spectacular heights. In Busoni's *"Carmen" Fantasy*, the mutually nullifying traits of being both reserved and exciting exist simultaneously. An arresting atmosphere pervades Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 111, diversified by a few tonal images not unlike Kempf's slightly earlier recordings. The Bach G Major Chorale, one of the two miniature works that both Busoni and Petri recorded, affords an interesting comparison. Petri is less kind to the keyboard on both of his versions, twenty years apart, but the curiosity here is in the technique used for this fast piece. Busoni uses a non-legato touch, and plays far more lightly than his pupil. The only obvious influence of master on student is Petri's imitation of an unfortunate *Luft pause* just before the final chord. Even Busoni's own edition does not imply such a hesitation, and it is possible that Petri stylistically retained what may have been a nonchalance in Busoni's playing. The closest to Busoni's version is Horowitz, hands down.

Petri's own transcription of a Bach Minuet is among his best performances of miniatures. It is played with simplicity, the melody against a left hand accompaniment creating—without polyphony—two different levels of sound. Petri is, again, totally in his element with pieces like *Mazeppa* or the Liszt transcription of *Figaro* (completed by Busoni), where his decisive attack, if raw, is most imposing. The most attractive of his Liszt readings, however, is *Ricordanza*, translated "Remembrances," especially in the 78 rpm version. It is an ideal interpretation, tonally and technically, with a sensitively shaded and colored reflective coda.

It would be valuable to learn whether his last cycle of Beethoven sonatas was recorded. Radio Basel has preserved some of his 1958 broadcasts, and its director writes, "Petri's Franck is great. I was in the control room when he recorded, and, very impressed, perhaps I overestimated the performance, having *seen* how well the old man played." He concludes eloquently: "I played for Petri some Welthe-rolls with Riesenauer, Busoni, and Petri himself. His reaction was absolutely negative: 'They and I never played so badly. Old beer . . .'"

PETRI deemed himself to have been lazy enough as a child not to heed all the advice of his teachers, concluding that nothing can equal independent experimentation. He believed that slow practice was not necessarily good practice, just as "driving slowly does not mean carefully." In other words, if a pianist wished to play a swift passage slowly, he ought to utilize, nonetheless, the very same motion of the hands that a quicker tempo would require. (Professor Igumnov feels that correct movement of the hands can be achieved through gradually *decreasing* the practice speed.) A quote from Liszt that Petri thought well chosen sums up his theory: "It is not so much the practicing of technique which is important, but the technique of practicing." The most liberal of teachers, he told his own students, "Don't believe anything I tell you but try out."

Petri declined to write a book on piano technique, "It is my conviction that it is better to work in living material and teach young students than to write books about it, especially as I am not a literary man." True to himself and conscious of the missionary aspects of a great interpreter, Petri taught with genuine devotion and consistency. He never complained, as do many leading artists, that he was too busy. He gave instructions for five decades, continuing until his last days in his garden home in Oakland, California. Listed among his prominent students are Grant Johannesen, Ernst Levy, and John Ogdon, and when artists such as Richter, Gilels, and Ashkenazy visited this country, they never neglected to visit Petri. His example could serve as an inspiration to the great performers of today who have so much to offer to their successors. Since Petri preferred to teach than to write, his students could collectively prepare a book about him and his teaching. Such a volume should surely find a publisher, if none other than the one who never returned to Petri the memorable thousand marks.

Haydn

Continued from page 53

signed for such use, are not as easy to operate while driving as built-in, push-button car radios are.

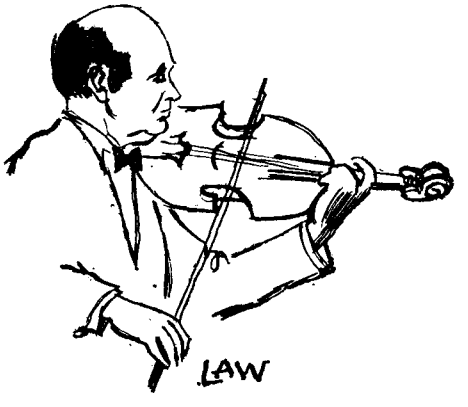
No portable has yet capitalized on FM's fourth advantage: stereo. While one of the Lafayette models reported on here had a detector output for multiplex, and a plug for an AC adaptor to eliminate battery replacement during prolonged use as a tuner, no set yet provides self-contained stereo listening, though this, too, will probably come.

Ignoring battery drain—which is lessened with the speakers disconnected—three other models (Zenith 2000 and 3000, Dynaco-B&O) could be used easily as tuners, thanks to high-impedance output jacks located ahead of the audio output stages, and the tone and volume controls. Without the limitations imposed by their built-in speakers and amplifiers, all three proved quite good as high fidelity tuners, though less sensitive than the better component tuners.

The FM portable offer many other useful features. In addition to the AM broadcast band, most have additional short- or long-wave bands, ranging from one or two to seven such bands on the Zenith 3000 Trans-Oceanic. All have tone controls and telescoping antennas, variously tiltable for best FM reception.

Less common are pushbutton dial lights (Zenith 3000, Lafayette FS-251, several Magnavoxes), tuning meters (Dynaco-B&O), a battery case accepting two battery types (Magnavox Diplomat), and Automatic Frequency Control (Zenith 2000, 3000; Lafayette FS-251). While only three of these radios had AFC, none had any noticeable drift, probably because transistor circuits run cooler.

On the whole, the quality of the FM portables is high. While no substitute for the best high-fidelity units, they bring FM programming to previously remote areas, and at a moderate price.



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More Taste than Torment

SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe," Opus 48;* BEETHOVEN: *"An die ferne Geliebte," Opus 98. Ernst Haefliger, tenor, and Erik Werba, piano.* Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft 138843 stereo. $6.98.

If intelligence, restraint, and technical control were the only prerequisites of fine lieder-singing, Ernst Haefliger would be one of the best in the field. His *Dichterliebe*, however, reminds one of the waggish claim that tenors often have voices, seldom have brains, and never have both. The Haefliger tenor—light in texture, dry in quality, limited in color, and modest in range—occasionally stands in the way of interpretive conviction, especially when passion, despair, and other forceful emotions are called for.

This should not imply that his earnest, sensibly motivated attempts end in failure. Haefliger is one of those rare artists who can almost make an asset of a shortcoming. He knows the danger of overstatement and resists the temptation to illustrate the text with vocal gimmicks (he does not sigh just because the word "Seufzer" appears in "Aus meinen Tränen spriessen," or whisper at "Es *flüstern* und sprechen die Blumen"). He can float a delicate legato line with a maximum of elegance and a minimum of tone ("Und wüsstens die Blumen"), and convey poetry without sacrificing musicality to verbal crispness. When it comes to pure lyricism, he proves that no approach is more poignant than the simplest one ("Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen").

Problems arise, however, when Haefliger is too thoughtful. "Die Rose, die Lillie . . ." emerges a carefully studied reflection, not a breathless declaration. An inexplicably slow tempo makes "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen" border on the ponderous. And sometimes art simply fails to conceal natural deficiencies; the weight to produce a note of determination in "Ich grolle nicht" is missing, as is a strong lower register to outline its final descending phrase. The bitter accents that should underscore the grief of lost love also elude him ("Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen, zerrissen mir das Herz").

An die ferne Geliebte is more consistently successful, partly because Beethoven depended less than Schumann on the expressive powers of his singer, partly because the scale of vocal demands is narrower. Erik Werba functions as a superb partner throughout, not just as an accompanist.

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—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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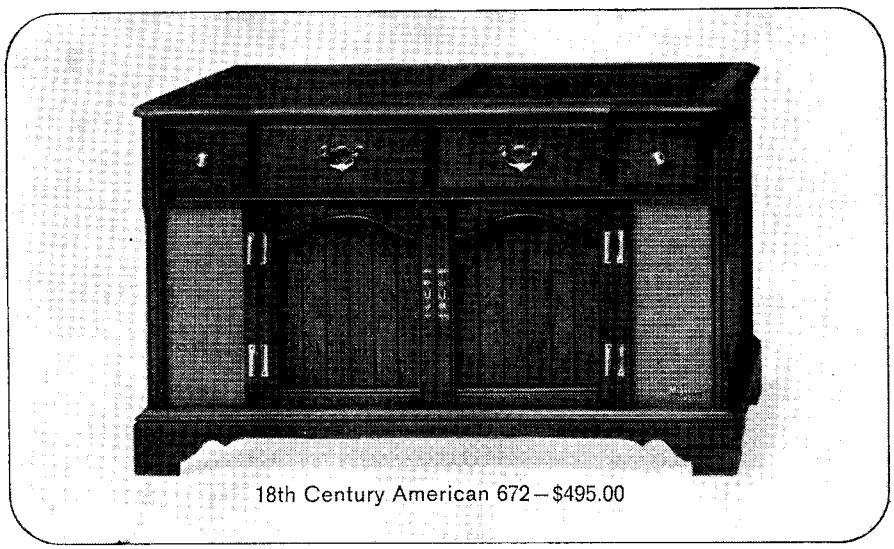

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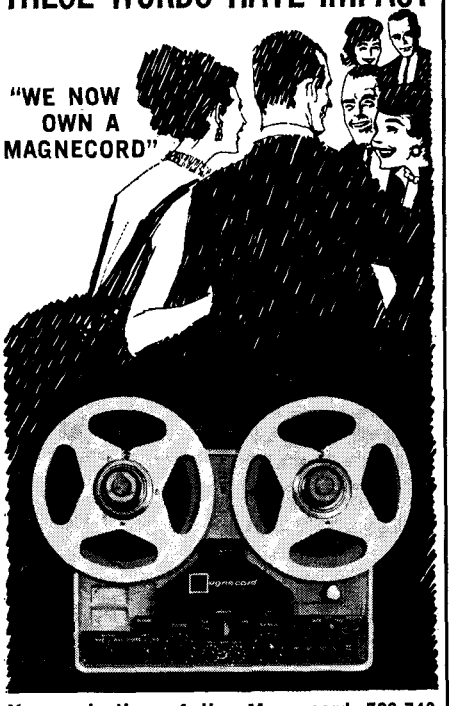

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Price of Freedom

ADVANCE guard jazz, and much of the commentary that goes along with it, is now concerned with a question that has long since absorbed the other arts—the possibilities offered by extreme degrees of formal freedom. Some of the most talented men in jazz, among them the saxophonists Ornette Coleman and Sonny Rollins, devote themselves to a music that is wholly or largely independent of predetermined tonalities or key relationships, themes or harmonic schemes, rhythmic patterns or coloristic designs. In other words, this music approaches absolute improvisation as a limit.

Now, when anything as drastic as this occurs in any of the arts, we may confidently expect at least two violent reactions. One will find the new departures hellish; another will talk in heavenly terms. We will not expect very much reaction of a third order, nor will we get it. This third reaction is the one that finds the advance guard motion neither satanic nor divine, but quite natural, and leading, quite possibly, both to pain and to pleasure. The human race in general, and that includes many critics of the arts, seems bent on two-value judgments, either-or, Aristotle or bust, Wagner or Brahms, abstract expressionism or representation. This is the age of relativity, but its awareness of multiple values does not seem to have penetrated very far into the artistic sensibilities. Besides, an esthetic response that is more than two-valued does not permit the critic, let alone the layman, an unmistakable position, a resounding statement, a truculent and possibly attention-getting attitude toward the jackasses on the other side of the floor.

I fully realize that I am scanting some of the keenest spirits now commenting on the arts (such as Sir Kenneth Clark). But I will end apology on that note, and proceed to a jazz example of the whole matter. Sonny Rollins' latest LP *Our Man In Jazz* (RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2612) is an extremely spontaneous program of three numbers, played by experts in the modern jazz idiom: Rollins, tenor sax; Don Cherry, cornet; Bob Cranshaw, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums. All three pieces are free fantasias on themes that the men play perfectly recognizably before they take off: Jerome Kern's "Dearly Beloved" and Rollins's own "Oleo" and "Doxy." In the first two performances tempos shift a good deal; in "Doxy" a very lively jump-rhythm is maintained with such steadiness that a healthy dancer can keep swinging on the same beat from first to last. Through the three numbers there are individual solos, saxophone or cornet solos with rhythm, full group improvisations. The momentary phrasing, the developments and the gusto are often captivating. The moods are many, but I would say that, in general, each piece has an effective overall shape.

We do not suppose that record company program notes for such talented music-making (or any other) will be exactly moderate, although they sometimes are. In the case of such liberated jazz as this, there is the opportunity for an inflated, mystical prose which, upon analysis, proves to say very little, and here we find such phrases as the following: ". . . a series of long solos, following which the musicians, through a microcosmic shifting of rhythms growing out of a group reaction, fall into a blues section which is a totally spontaneous development; their return to the theme is equally accomplished through group intuition." There is not a word here that might not apply, with equal exactness, to the casual meanderings of college musicians whose talents were not worth a surgical tape applied to a lesion on Sonny Rollins's horn. But even in the independent jazz press I have read a review of Rollins's "Oleo" which implied that this full-side performance was a marvelous piece of total musical structure achieved through transcendent intuitional powers.

Maybe. But I would point out that the price of freedom in the arts, of breaking away from established forms, is that the artist thereby turns his back on established canons of judgment. For a while, at any rate, until new canons are formed—after considerable exposure to the new body of work—every critic, lay or professional, will be on his own. Some will damn the newness; others will write panegyrics. Both, quite possibly, will be wrong. Gradually, the once-new art will manifest its staying power, or lack of it, will achieve or fail to achieve the seasoned approval, which means that it has a durable power to transport the spirit. Meanwhile, there will be a few who find it difficult to give either black condemnation or gilded praise to the new. They will often see both assets and liabilities. They may be willing to settle

(*Continued on page 61*)

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Reissues

Continued from page 49

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, formerly on a ten-inch LP and much sought-after since its deletion seven or eight years ago, has been newly coupled with the same soprano's Berlioz *Nuits d'Eté* (conducted by Mitropoulos). Many consider this recording of the Barber superior to Miss Steber's later one. A lieder recital by Alexander Kipnis is promised before long, and Columbia advises that William Warfield's record of early sacred arias and Karl Loewe ballads is being considered for revival, along with some material by Melchior, Roland Hayes, and Jennie Tourel.

THE Record Hunter, the enterprising Fifth Avenue shop that has undertaken several large-scale reissues during the last few years, has just brought out on its own label Yves Tinayre's recordings of early sacred and secular songs, originally released in 1941 in a Columbia set of ten-inch 78s. None of these pieces, by Leoninus, Adam de la Halle, and others, seems to have been recorded elsewhere.

Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series continues, of course, the latest additions being the Thibaud-Casals version of the Brahms Double Concerto, conducted by Cortot, with Mendelssohn's D minor Trio on the same disc; a collection of operatic selections featuring Frida Leider and Lauritz Melchior, and Maggie Teyte's Debussy songs.

Something like a first cousin to a reinstatement of a deleted recording is a new one of the same work by the same artist(s). Otto Klemperer, whose Vienna recording of Mahler's Second Symphony is still in the Vox catalogue, has just made a new version for Angel. The alto of the earlier recording, Hilde Roessel-Majdan, returns here, and the soprano is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus collaborate in this two-disc set (also on tape).

Another conductor appearing on Angel in a remake of a work he recorded in Vienna for a different company is Karl Böhm, in his celebrated reading of *Così fan tutte,* this time with Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Hanny Steffek, Alfredo Kraus, Giuseppe Taddei, and the Philharmonia. The new set takes four discs, as against three for London; both are offered in stereo, the Angel on tape as well.

Reversing the ex Vienna pattern of Böhm and Klemperer, Paul Kletzki's new Angel of the Mahler First is with the Vienna Philharmonic; his earlier one featured the Israel Philharmonic. One of the late Bruno Walter's last recordings was his remake of the same symphony with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Walter's repeat of the Haydn *Military* Symphony will be released in the near future, along with new stereophonic recordings of some Mozart symphonies and Beethoven overtures he recorded earlier in mono.

Robert Casadesus and George Szell, on Columbia, have recently repeated their earlier collaboration in Mozart's *Coronation* Concerto and have done the B flat Concerto (K. 595) which the pianist recorded more than twenty years ago with Barbirolli. More concerto remakes are coming from Artur Rubinstein, who has just completed new versions of the *Emperor* and the Tchaikovsky B flat minor with Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony for RCA Victor.

Leinsdorf and the BSO will be presented shortly in a new *Eroica* and *Jupiter,* with a Beethoven Seventh scheduled for fall—all works the conductor recorded with the Rochester Philharmonic during the Fifties. Leinsdorf's predecessor, Charles Munch, is represented among recent releases with repeats of several Ravel works (*Boléro, La Valse, Pavane pour une infante défunte*). Also from Boston, Arthur Fiedler and the Pops have redone *Jalousie* and a bunch of other Latin-toned pieces ranging from ballet music for *Le Cid* to Sinigaglia's *Danze Piemontesi* to Arthur Benjamin's *Jamaican Rhumba.* All these are on RCA Victor.

Mercury is offering Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony in new recordings of Ibert's *Escales* and Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole* and *La Valse,* all of which they did before, plus the *Alborada del Gracioso* and *Pavane* on the same disc. Ernest Ansermet, who has been remaking his earlier Ravel, Debussy, and Stravinsky recordings for stereo during the last few years, has a new version of the "Divertimento" from Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la fée* on a London disc with the same composer's Four Etudes and two *Suites pour petit orchestre.*

Alfred Deller, now a Vanguard "property," has made a stunning new version of Purcell's *Come, Ye Sons of Art,* joined this time by his son Mark, whose voice is astonishingly similar to his own. The work is paired with two Purcell anthems on a Bach Guild disc.

Undoubtedly many artists will continue to be active in the re-recording of their respective monophonic discographies for stereo. It is equally certain that the revival of cherished recordings of the recent past will also take on added momentum, for, in addition to the genuine interest evidenced so gratifyingly by several companies, a committee has been formed under the

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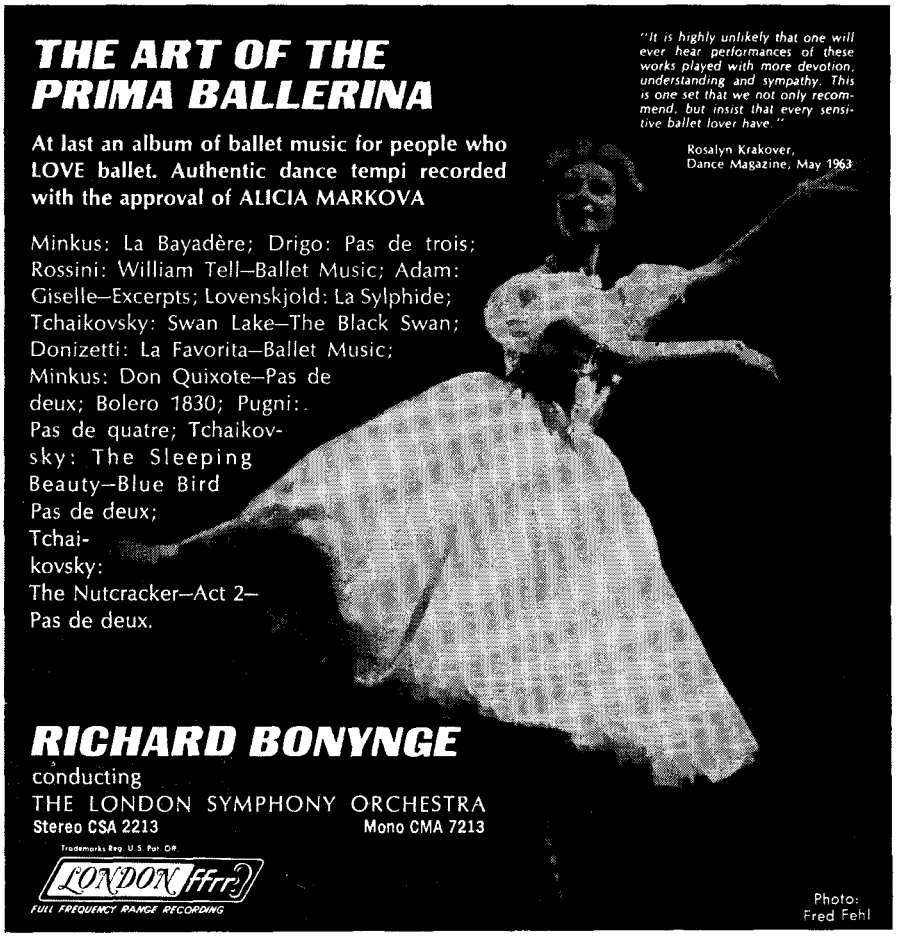
auspices of the National Music Council to coordinate requests for reissues and, when possible, to raise subscriptions to make them possible. Members of the NMC's "Recording Service Committee" are Henry Brief, executive secretary of the Record Industry Association of America; Philip L. Miller, chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library; Harold Spivacke, Miller's counterpart at the Library of Congress; and, as chairman, David Hall, the writer, critic, and new president of Composers Recordings, Inc.

What Hall and his colleagues are doing, basically, is to prepare lists of desired reissues and submit them to the companies on whose labels they last appeared. The companies are requested to indicate which of these items they are able to reissue (in some cases, the rights may have shifted from one company to another—sometimes, indeed, the explanation for the deletion in the first place). The committee will then submit the lists of recordings cleared for possible revival to the member organizations of the NMC, which in turn poll their individual memberships in hopes of raising the necessary subscription or guarantee. It has been determined that, in most cases, an order as small as 300 discs can be pressed at a cost per disc roughly equivalent to nominal catalogue prices. In cases in which the committee can demonstrate a really substantial interest, of course, it is hoped the respective companies would be encouraged to proceed with the reissues without waiting for the subscription to be raised.

The subscription idea is by no means a new one. It was first used in the early Thirties by Walter Legge, who solicited subscriptions for a "Beethoven Sonata Society" to underwrite the cost of recording and producing the famous Schnabel series. Later the Hugo Wolf Society, the Delius Society, the Sibelius Society, the Mozart Opera Society, and other similar ventures—all basically subscription promotions—made possible some of the most ambitious projects of that decade.

Surely there must be at least 300 souls eager to have the Nielsen Clarinet Concerto, the "Program of Mexican Music" recorded by Carlos Chávez for Columbia in 1940, Beethoven's wind *Variations on "La ci darem la mano,"* Sibelius's incidental music for *Belshazzar's Feast,* and dozens of other works missing from the catalogue now. We wish the committee well, and await the results.

—Richard Freed.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The Other Side

THIS year's Audio Festival and Fair—held, as usual, at the Russell Hotel from April 18 to 21—resembled its recent predecessors in being businesslike, well attended to the point of suffocation, and almost totally ignored by the national press. Its flavor is becoming increasingly international as exhibitors from the United States, Japan, and the Continent compete for our attention alongside the familiar trade-marks of our own manufacturers, but there were no startling new developments hinting at future trends. The presence of one or two fully transistorized amplifiers was no doubt of some significance, and by next year such models may be quite common. Pick-up design, on the other hand, has not advanced significantly during the past year, while speakers maintained a thoroughly predictable proliferation of moderately priced, compact systems adapted to the requirements of stereo in the modern home.

Among exhibitors and the cognoscenti, much discussion centered around the future of stereo broadcasting in this country, following disturbing rumors that the BBC's plans for multiplex transmissions had once more been shelved indefinitely because of a lack of interest among the higher echelons of the corporation's administration. The sad fact is, of course, that those who control broadcasting policy are, like the government, solely interested in TV. Developments in this field, such as color TV and a possible changeover to the 625-line standard, concern the public at large and are matters of political significance, whereas radio is now generally regarded as a minority interest undeserving of costly innovations.

Only a few months ago it looked as though the lively interest in stereo among the technical establishment of the BBC, which had already resulted in experimental multiplex broadcasts, might soon bear fruit. The industry entertained high hopes that such a service would greatly increase public interest in good-quality stereo equipment. Thus the news that the BBC did not, after all, intend to implement its stereo plans in the foreseeable future was received with considerable dismay—more especially since, by lagging behindmost other western countries in this matter, Britain might well prove unable to maintain her prominent position in the field of audio engineering.

Although Britten's *War Requiem* (see page 45) was bound to overshadow all other May releases, the latter are far from negligible and con-

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tain an unusually large complement of vocal recordings. A second two-disc Decca album features Joan Sutherland in *Command Performance,* an extended program of nineteenth-century opera arias and drawing-room ballads with which the diva might have regaled Queen Victoria at a private concert given by royal command. I should not have thought that Miss Sutherland's talents were in need of such gimmicky sales-promotion methods, and there must be many people who would have been interested in the first disc (containing some out-of-the-way Verdi, Rossini, and Bellini as well as more familiar arias by Weber, Meyerbeer, and Leoncavallo) but who may resent having to purchase with it a further disc largely devoted to second-rate trifles.

Two more opera recitals feature that gifted mezzo, Teresa Berganza, whose delectable Mozart program includes items from *Figaro* and *Così fan tutte* (among them, surprisingly, Fiordiligi's two great solos) as well as the ravishing concert aria *Ch'io mi scordi di te?* and Nicolai Ghiaurov, the young Bulgarian bass who scored a great success in London last autumn in *Forza del destino,* and who will be returning to Covent Garden next season to sing King Philip in *Don Carlo.* For his debut on Decca, Ghiaurov chose Russian and Italian arias that show his magnificent voice and assured delivery to fine advantage; we must hope he will soon be heard in complete opera recordings.

The young Russian pianist, Vladimir Ashkenazy, joint laureate with John Ogdon of last year's International Tchaikovsky Competition, who came to London for the first time earlier this year and profoundly impressed public and critics alike, recently became headline news when he let it be known that he proposed to establish his home in London. Although he was at pains to point out that his reasons were personal (his wife is a Londoner, though of Icelandic parentage) and not political (he had not asked for asylum and the Russian authorities had given him permission to stay here), the press treated the story with marked cold war overtones even to the point of describing Ashkenazy as "Russia's greatest pianist" (conveniently ignoring the claims of Richter, Gilels, and several other noted practitioners). Now Decca, aware of the need to strike while the iron is hot, has rushed out Ashkenazy's first two concerto discs made in this country: Tchaikovsky B flat minor and Rachmaninof No. 3. These certainly display a major pianistic talent but not, as yet, a fully mature artist at the height of his powers; I can only hope that his future development will not be impeded by the ministrations of overzealous public relations men anxious to exploit his news value.

EMI's current release marks the reappearance of the "Recording Angel" trade-mark, which can be seen, alongside the more familiar Nipper and his phonograph, on the gold label of HMV's new Angel series. At present confined to operatic sets, these discs cost a little more than the standard price but the presentation is more lavish than hitherto and includes free libretti à la Decca-RCA. The first Angel issue features a new *Cavalleria Rusticana* with Victoria de los Angeles as Santuzza and Franco Corelli as Turridu, a new *Merry Widow* starring Schwarzkopf, and our first stereo set of *Così fan tutte.*

—Thomas Heinitz.

The Amen Corner

Continued from page 58

for the assets, but, in any case, their judgment will be multi-valued. And they will probably be willing to leave unmistakable, resounding judgments to the future. They are interested less in judgment than in art.

So far as Sonny Rollins's new LP is concerned, I am not especially impressed by the overall structure of the numbers. But I am distinctly excited by one development. A major joy of the early jazz was the informal "counterpoint" among three or four front-line, improvising players. With modern jazz, after 1940, such an approach became rare, because the players were concerned with subtleties that might have been invaded and spoiled by interplaying. Solo improvising became, in effect, the rule. But I have long hoped that the best modern men might get into such rapport that front-line "counterpoint" might go forward in the modern idiom. A great deal of this happens between Rollins and Cherry in this new disc. I have not been happier about any development in modern jazz. The last ensemble passages of "Doxy" are sheer delight.

—Wilder Hobson.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

IN RE HOLCMAN

Although I never met Jan Holcman, I had the opportunity to know, with some intimacy, at least that side of him that was deeply engaged in his work, through a steady correspondence during the last seven years. Now that I have read again through the file of his letters, it seems all the more irreparable that he has gone.

He brought to his writing on piano playing a remarkably analytical mind combined with the comprehension of one who was himself a gifted and accomplished pianist. He also had the vantage point—of particular value during these past years when we have become reacquainted with piano playing of the East—of one who had learned his craft and come to know many of its foremost exponents on both sides of the Iron Curtain. These qualifications formed a unique combination among those writing in his field, but what was equally remarkable about Holcman was the untiring thoroughness and integrity of his work. As the deadline for a major article approached, his letters would arrive in closer and closer succession, querying recording dates or other information that he did not have at hand and that might have found its way into my files. And, when it was too late for another letter, a transcontinental telephone call might come to enable him to hear a few more elusive recordings or to check a few more details. More often than not, these details, and doubtless countless others that he had gathered, would not themselves appear in the article, but they were part of that exhaustive background of evidence for his conclusions that he demanded of himself if it was humanly possible for him to obtain it.

The result was some of the most perceptive writing that has appeared on piano playing. It was also largely due to Holcman's zeal, and to the accurate methods of analysis that he devised, that the significance of the documentary of recorded piano playing that exists is beginning to be justly recognized. But Holcman's monument, to those who know his work, must include also those half-dozen spaces that will always remain empty on the shelves devoted to important books about pianists and piano playing. It is sad to think that the freedom of time that he needed for the full elaboration of what he had given us in distilled form can now never come. For, even if others pursue to notable results some of the threads that he left dangling, the particular contribution that Jan Holcman would have made can hardly be replaced.

Harry L. Anderson.
San Diego, Calif.

LEINSDORF IN BOSTON

I read the letters in your April 27 issue referring to a letter by a so-called Bostonian in the March 30 issue. Because the subject means so much to me and to other concertgoers, I must indicate my utter astonishment at the expression of such a distortion of the truth.

I have been a subscriber to both the Friday afternoon and the Thursday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony for some forty years. I was inspired and thrilled by all the years under Koussevitzky, and I have suffered sometimes in agony and even oftener in boredom under Munch. It has been felt by many that perhaps our great orchestra would actually become as uninspiring as it sounded and be reduced to the mediocre in its personnel.

I was not myself very familiar with Mr. Leinsdorf as an orchestral conductor, and it was with considerable trepidation that I attended the first concert last fall. I have no words adequately to express the joy—spontaneously expressed by the entire auditorium—at the conclusion of that concert, and so it has continued for succeeding ones. Here was our great and glorious orchestra home again after thirteen years of eclipse! I do not need to go into technicalities; the quality of tone, the inspired emotional response of all the fine musicians were back with us again as in the days of Koussevitzky. I am no longer giving away or selling all my Tuesday tickets and half my Friday ones, as I had been brought to do in recent years. I am personally attending all those concerts whenever humanly possible. Nobody but a fool would pass up such an unparalleled experience voluntarily.

Mrs. H. M. Holmes.
Duxbury, Mass.

LEINSDORF IN SEATTLE

Erich Leinsdorf brought his proper Bostonians to our acoustically superior new opera house recently for performances of Beethoven's 3rd *Leonore* Overture, Brahms's 3rd Symphony and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. I have been listening to the Boston Symphony for many years, and I must confess puzzlement over the choice of Mr. Leinsdorf rather than Igor Markevitch, who, rumor had it a year ago, was to have inherited the throne. Mr. Leinsdorf's metronomic Teutonism is too suddenly jarring after the gentle sensitivity of Mr. Munch's years.

The performances here in Seattle were profoundly depressing by the exclusive concentration on architectonics; *Leonore* lacked requisite thrust, Brahms became as bland as only Brahms can under this kind of treatment, and Bartók's peppery Concerto was thoroughly raffish under Mr. Leinsdorf's unyielding hand.

I rather suspect (or hope) the gentlemen who protest Mr. Munch's Gallic temperament will, within a short period of time, cry longingly and loudly for its return.

Norman Roberts.
Seattle, Wash.

PRO MUNCH

How can concertgoers even begin to criticize a conductor who has years of training and experience? Doesn't the Munch-Leinsdorf controversy really nar-

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row down to the simple question of which conductor one likes better?

Leaving Leinsdorf out of the argument, I will say one thing in favor of Munch: he has given me three of my greatest experiences in a concert hall. Having had the occasion to observe him closely working with the orchestra, I am convinced that he is among the very few conductors today who can radiate a certain atmosphere in the concert hall.

EDWIN K. EINSTEIN, JR.

Baltimore, Md.

WELCOME, MARTIN

PLEASE GIVE US more articles about ballet by John Martin. Now that he has done such a superb article about Britain's Dame Ninette de Valois [*SR*, Apr. 27], one by him about American ballet would be most welcome to your balletomane readers.

Houston Rogers's cover photo was quite striking. Thanks for so much attention given to ballet.

LINDA L. HAIGHT.

Leesville, La.

POULENC'S STABAT MATER

IRVING KOLODIN HAS written two fine tributes to Francis Poulenc in recent months—one as a critique of the man and his works written shortly after his death, and another in your April 27 issue apropos the special performance of two new compositions given their premiere in New York during Easter Week.

In neither article did he mention Poulenc's *Stabat Mater*, dating from 1950, and to my mind his greatest masterpiece of choral religious music, from which the later *Gloria* and *Sept Repons* are clearly derived. The *Stabat Mater* has everything—intense and powerful conviction, a dramatic sense conveyed with an immediacy and forthrightness that are overwhelming, tremendous contrasts of rhythm and dynamics expressed in Poulenc's highly original and compact idiom—and, as far as I know, has never been performed in this country. The only recording of it, on Westminster, already lamented among other gems by your reviewer Herbert Weinstock, has been withdrawn from the repertoire.

L. M. SYMMES, JR.

Mill Valley, Calif.

QXR IN MARYLAND

IN HIS ARTICLE "Networks for FM" Martin Williams states that there has been a lightening of the musical programming of the *New York Times* radio station, WQXR, on the QXR network, now owned and operated by Novo Industrial Corporation. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Williams. In fact, I would go a step further in saying that there has been a greater lightening in both the programming of WQXR *and* the QXR network, and except for one or two hours of programming each evening and one or two *New York Times* news bulletin broadcasts, WQXR and the QXR network are nothing more than a myth in this area. I for one would like to see an improvement and an enlarging of the program schedule for both WQXR and the QXR network.

MICHAEL MENDELSON.

West Hyattsville, Md.

Ballet

Continued from page 49

His Prince is the only one in the Royal Ballet's productions who receives the crossbow from his mother as a birthday present. The only difference it makes is that the mother must learn another piece of business. In this same category are a dozen other petty annoyances of the same objectless sort. When other princes do their sad musing upstage looking out over the landscape, he prefers to do his downstage looking out over the audience. He is one artist who knows his place—front and center.

Dame Margot, of course, is in both these ballets, and in spite of everything, just naturally walks away with the applause. Of Nureyev's physical support of her in the *pas de deux* there is nothing but praise, for he is an excellent partner. What is hard to take, however, is that except physically he is always essentially in competition with the ballerina. He is continually nosing in; when, for example, Fonteyn in a supported position raises her arm, he raises his arm behind her even higher with the palm-leaf waving. So it goes.

The ballet in which he appears to best advantage is the very brief *Marguerite and Armand* which Sir Frederick Ashton has created especially for him and Fonteyn. In dimensions it is little more than another divertissement, in essence a shorthand transcription of *The Lady of the Camellias* squeezed into one Liszt sonata. Though it includes no dancing (which Nureyev does best) and is all miming (which he does worst), Ashton keeps him too busy to get into trouble. It helps, too, that the work was created on him and that the choreographer himself is at hand.

But to see him as Fonteyn's partner is an unhappy experience, whatever the ballet. She has said in praise of him that when she dances with him she never sees him in person, but only sees the ballet. In this she is in a more fortunate position than the rest of us; we cannot avoid seeing him, and frequently resenting him. Some of us have tried putting a hand over one eye and trying to look only at her, but it is no good. Others have decided that it might be better to forego seeing her altogether under these conditions. She is, after all, an exquisite part of an exquisite legend, and it is difficult not to feel somehow embarrassed, even possibly a little betrayed; she has gone, as it were, to the grand ball with a gigolo.

Nureyev, however, is not a fixture. Sooner or later he can be confidently expected to depart for pastures that seem greener. How gratifying if it could be soon enough to allow Dame Ninette to repair the damage before her forthcoming retirement.

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BEAUTIFUL, CENTRAL NEW HAMPSHIRE. Two new lakeshore vacation homes. Insulated, all conveniences. Two hours from Boston. $15,500, $13,500. Dr. Hamlin, 126 Brandeis Road, Newton Center 59, Massachusetts. DEcatur 2-4220.

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT—in Wilson Point private Association. Gardener's cottage of great charm . . . 7 rooms, 2 baths, ultramodern kitchen, attached 2 car garage, estate sized greenhouse on one garden acre. Walk to private beach and mooring. Secluded yet minutes from town and trains. High 40's. Box C-810.

SECLUDED, RESTORED Early American house in rural central New Hampshire. 8 large rooms, 2 baths, full attic and cellars, connecting woodshed, large barn. 160 acres woodland and 10 acres mowing. Beautiful view. $25,000. Write owner. Box C-487.

CENTRAL VERMONT—Seasonal homes, farms, acreage. Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

1824 BRICK COLONIAL on beautiful Main Street. 9 rooms, 2 baths, barn and ell. Authentically restored by skilled craftsmen. ¾ acre. $47,500. Box SR36, Hancock, N.H.

(Continued on page 66)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 65)

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Farmhouse, oversized, 9 rooms, 2 fireplaces, 1¼ acres, 15 minutes G.W. Bridge. $32,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS. Country homes with views, brooks, ponds. Write Atlas Realty, 24 Hamlin, Pittsfield, Massachusetts,

"INGLESIDE," northern neck of Virginia. Colonial, 130 acre estate, 8 rooms, 2 baths. Near water. Picture upon request. $75,000. "Owner," Lorraine Tignor, Wicomico Church, Virginia.

ATTRACTIVE WHITE HOUSE in Berkshires, off beaten path but close to road. 1½ miles from Shelburne Falls. Fine view, near music centers, plays, colleges, swimming, boating, skiing. 5 rooms, hall, large living room, modern kitchen and bath. Reasonable. Will consider renting. Call Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, day 582-2626, evenings 464-9156.

TWO ANCIENT OAKS frame a comfortable home facing the Gulf of Mexico. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Low taxes and attractively priced to sell. Sheelah Maginnis, East Beach, Pass Christian, Mississippi.

CHARMING LITTLE ESTATE. On semi-secluded beautifully terraced land very near to New York City. Please call CHelsea 2-0179 NYC.

STONINGTON VILLAGE, Connecticut. For sale or rent—(unfurnished). Charming, just renovated house: 2 ample bedrooms, tower room, garden, harbor views. $26,500. Box C-831.

HOUSE ON ISLAND—Penobscot Bay, Maine—80 acres. One mile shoreline. Hilda Ames, Colby College A.T.O., Waterville, Maine.

VERMONT: Nicely furnished small cabin (or camp). 2 bedrooms; 5 acres; ski area. $2,500. Other acreage for building. Miriam Bone, Broker, Belmont, Vermont. Phone 259-2523.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT: 3 rural acres with modernized, attractive 6 room farmhouse. Fireplace, roofed terrace, barns. Only $15,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

BUCKS COUNTY, near New Hope. Lovely 19th Century 5 bedroom brick house with swimming pool. Beautiful view, 2 landscaped acres, privacy. $45,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACE. Doctor's hillside home. Big view. 3 bedrooms, den, 2 full baths, living room, fireplace, recreation room; 2 car garage. Nearby golf, skiing. $27,500. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

For Rent

4 BEDROOM HOME, residential community; 10 minutes NYC. October 1st to June. Ames, 383 Oak Avenue, River Edge, N.J.

MOVING TO ST. LOUIS? Despair not. 6 bedroom duplex in cultural hub $225 month! Box C-842.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Clinton Corners, Dutchess County, N.Y. 12 room country house, 2½ hours from New York. All modern conveniences. Beautifully located. 5 acres including stream. Nearby swimming, horseback riding, ski areas. Call: 914-CO 6-5162.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

SAN FRANCISCO—Distinguished Russian Hill town house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, lovely garden. $450. Box C-689.

BERMUDA—Southampton Parish: Spacious, air-conditioned waterfront home. 4 double bedrooms, 2½ baths. Available July through October. Write Hugh Watlington, Kent House, Southampton, Bermuda.

3 BEDROOM HOUSE, Oakland, California, summer 1963. Near San Francisco, Berkeley. Box C-871.

For Summer Rental

FAMILY FLING—Lake Ontario. House, woods, yacht, help. All for $1,500. July. Box C-343.

CAPE MAY, N.J. Large, quiet, comfortably furnished house. $700 season. Box C-321.

MICHIGAN'S HURON MOUNTAINS: Nine delightful summer homes available now through autumn color season on 10,000 acre forest estate. Large private lake, all facilities. Further information, Howard Paul, Ives Lake, Big Bay, Michigan.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

RESTORED CANADIAN FARMHOUSE, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. All modern conveniences. Barn, 30 acres. Breathtaking view. 6 miles from Murray Bay, 12 from airport. Local help available. Rent: $1,000 full season. Box C-877.

LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT, Historic saltbox, enlarged, modernized, furnished. Lawns, woods. June to October, $1,200. Write 10-D, 230 East 50th, NYC.

CAPE COD waterfront cottages. June, weekly, $60. Halperson, Dennis, Massachusetts.

VERMONT, NEAR JAMAICA. 3 bedroom, Tech-built cottage. July, $200. Box C-606.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS, New York. Beautiful house with 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, 2 dining rooms, large living room, fireplaces and steam heat, electric kitchen, completely furnished. 100 acres private wooded grounds, trout brook. Two miles from Elizabethtown, tennis, golf, lake, boating, fishing. For one or two families. June till September. $500 per month. Write Dr. P. Radl, 19 West 69th Street, NYC 23.

LITTLE CRANBERRY ISLAND, Maine. Secluded shore cabin, bunkhouse and study set apart. Sleeps ten. Fireplace, modern kitchen fully equipped. $450 July. Sailboat additional. Box C-744.

TANGLEWOOD AREA. Large, 7 bedroom heated Colonial home. Lake, beach—boats, 1600 ft. elevation. Available May 15th through October 15th. $1,950. Phone Great Barrington, Massachusets, 1511W or NYC BAyside 5-4444, or write H. Pearl, 30 East 42nd Street, NYC 17.

LENZ'S—WALDOBORO, MAINE. Shorefront acres. Modern housekeeping cottages, boats. Season $320-$600. NEw Rochelle 2-2477.

HIGHLANDS, N.C., on private mountain lake. 10 rooms, 2 baths, furnished. Pine paneling, central heat, 20 acre estate. $1,200 summer, $400 month. Box C-875.

ON PORT CLYDE HARBOR, at tip of loveliest peninsula in Maine. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, steam heat, washer and dryer. Private wharf, 14-foot outboard; beach nearby. July and August $1,000. Available until September 15th. Box C-843.

PRESIDENTIAL RANGE—Randolph, N.H. 3 bedrooms, all facilities, piano. June-July $500 ($300 month). Canadays, 18 Hillside Avenue, Arlington, Massachusetts.

MAINE SEACOAST. Furnished 4 bedroom old Maine home. Modest but attractive. Electric kitchen, oil heat et al. Overlooks picturesque Rockport Village harbor. $300 monthly. Box C-853.

TROUT AND SWIMMING POND goes with southern Vermont cabin. $75 weekly. Box C-885.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N.Y. 2-4 room units; private lakefront; $550-$800. TRafalgar 4-1659 NYC. Mahopac 8-4020 weekends.

FURNISHED 8 room Colonial, option to buy. Box 277, York Harbor, Maine.

CAPE ANN, W. Gloucester, Massachusetts. Salt water river. 6 rooms, fireplace, piano. BEnsonhurst 6-1859 NYC, Box C-886.

ADIRONDACKS—TROUT LAKE. Waterfront house, dock, boat. Private beach. Three bedrooms, two baths. Electric kitchen. Fireplace. Box C-876.

FOR RENT JULY. Cape Cod, Wellfleet-Truro cottage. 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, large deck, washer-dryer, dishwasher. $850.
STUDIO. 2 double bedrooms, bunk room, 1 bath, large deck. All electric. Telephones.
TEN ACRES—lake frontage, private ocean beach five minutes walk. Phone New Haven 776-4205.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

VERMONT—Arlington, Bennington area. July, August. Box C-833.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

RELIABLE PERSONS exchange homes during vacations. Write Vacations Exchange Homes. 4564 South Bannock, Englewood (Denver Area), Colorado.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

WILMINGTON, VERMONT. Charming chalet-apartment. Balcony, terrace overlooking 150 acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms. Near lake, Marlboro Music Festival. By week or month. Write Box C-690.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. 2 apartments in remodeled barn, cemented pool. Ganters Farm, Mechanicsville.

NEW YORK—July to September, East 60s luxury, 3½ rooms $400. Box C-834.

PHILADELPHIA—2 bedroom suburban apartment, furnished, luxuriously furnished, library, garage, washer. convenient University. June 23rd-September 1st. $500 total. Box C-826.

3½, GARDEN, Village East, NYC, summer. Completely furnished. $180. YUkon 2-3224.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

GRAMERCY PARK, NYC. 6 room duplex. Woodburning fireplace. Very quiet, key to park. $30,000, maintenance $290. CIrcle 6-3662 10 A.M.-5 P.M.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

NYC—Woman 40-50 to share beautiful 2 bedroom apartment in Morningside Gardens. Newly furnished. For appointment write Box C-851.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOMESITES. Thoreau-like country. All utilities. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20-$1,000 per acre. For brochure write Box B-451.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—Choice house lots—15 mountain peaks in view—completely surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. Secluded, accessible. H. Leslie Smith, Sandwich Notch Road, Campton, New Hampshire.

HISTORIC PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE—Cottage lots for sale—high ground, wide view of water, easy payments. Family cottages fully equipped for sale or rent. Address: Pemaquid Land Company, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

FLORIDA LAKE LIVING. Home sites near everything. Established area. $390 full price, $5.00 month. Information write Lake Weir Shores 29, Silver Springs, Florida.

CAMPS

CUTLER READING CAMP at Craftsbury Common, Vermont. Seven weeks of intensified instruction—remedial, corrective, developmental, and advanced reading. Complete recreational activities program. Boys 10-18. Limited enrollment. Institute for Reading and Study Skills, 75 Prospect Street, Huntington, N.Y.

SUMMER READING SCHOOL. Diagnosis, individualized instruction. Full recreation and tutoring program. Greentrees, Broadalbin, N. Y.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

BLUE HILLS SUMMER SCHOOL & CAMP in Connecticut. Remedial-developmental reading, math, science, all sports. 2110 Barnes Avenue, NYC 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 8-4440.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

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CAMPS

CAMP KOAPAKA for boys 8-17. June 22nd-August 17th. Write P. O. Box 327, Kohala, Hawaii.

NEW HORIZON at Southampton, N.Y. A Children's Democracy. All activities. Brochure. 9 East 67th Street, NYC 21. TRafalgar 9-5221.

TAMARACK TENNIS CAMP—White Mountains of New Hampshire. Boys and girls, 10-16. $440.00 monthly. August openings. Beginners to advanced. 32 campers. 8 courts. Professional instruction. Swimming. Brochure. Jack Kenney, Director, Franconia, N.H. 823-5656.

FARM CAMP, New Jersey. Boys-Girls, ages 7-14. Two week sessions. $40 week. Box C-873.

J-R RANCH. Remedial Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-18. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

TENNIS with Davis Cup star, Barry MacKay, GOLF with PGA Champion, Vic Ghezzi. June 22nd-29th, $125. Boys/Girls 8-18. 2110 Barnes Avenue, NYC 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 8-4440.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. **Room 811,** 225 Lafayette, New York **12.**

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, *most carefully appointed apartment-type building in* the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed lite care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA—The most complete list of waterfront properties available in Virginia. Free booklet—"Virginia." G.B. Lorraine, Broker, Richmond Federal Building, Richmond, Virginia.

VACATIONS

HEMLOCK INN, Bryson City, North Carolina, in Smoky *Mountains. Delightful food.*

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

THE FALES. Berkshire beauty — cottages — rooms — dining room. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments. beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown. Islamorada.

HIGH POINT INN, Riverside Drive, Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania. Informal mountain fun topped by gracious dining. Splash in the indoor and outdoor pools. Supervised play for tots 'round our Old McDonald's Farm. Golf and badminton. Dancing and entertainment in the Parisian Cafe. Write direct or call Area Code 717-839-7171.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

ON PICTURESQUE ARNOLD TRAIL . . . Sky Lodge and Motel. Informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, free golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, Westtown, Pennsylvania. A true Country Inn serving the best in food since 1850. Guest rooms by day, week or month. Rural atmosphere with cultural environment. Commuting distance Philadelphia and Wilmington. Children invited.

VACATIONS

ABSECON. That's the name the Indians gave to the island on which we are located. It means "Place of the Swans." Many call the swan our most beautiful bird. Indian heap smart. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

COMBINE INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION with vacation at University of California's Lake Arrowhead Center. Open to public July 26th-August 4th; August 30th-September 2nd: spend 2 days or a week at the University Residential Center in the San Bernardino Mountains near Los Angeles. Outstanding authorities, lectures, discussion groups, films, recreational facilities. Topics include art, literature, philosophy, psychology, politics. Write now for detailed program to University Extension, Dept. SR, UCLA, Los Angeles 24, California.

"THE SOUND OF MUSIC" has told her story to thousands. Meet the real-life Maria Trapp and share the warm, old-world hospitality of her home—an authentic Alpine chalet 15 minutes from Mt. Mansfield. Tyrolean bar, woodland swimming pool, Viennese kaffeehaus, restaurant and gift shop. Write, phone: Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe, Vermont. ALpine 3-7545.

YOUR VACATION DREAMS come true. Completely equipped camps with breathtaking view across Rangeley Lake. Fish, swim, hike or just ride around enjoying the Maine countryside. Send for folder—Rangeley View Camps, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

VACATION WITH A PURPOSE. Join with Senator Gaylord Nelson, Dave Dellinger, General Hugh Hester (Ret.), Rev. Gerard Grant, S.J., Representatives from the Disarmament Agency, Polish Embassy, Civil Rights movement, Labor, and the Quakers. Search for constructive answers to world problems. Panel discussions, lectures, and small discussion groups. Excellent food, recreation, children's program, inexpensive. Write: American Friends Service Committee, 431 South Dearborn, Chicago 5.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont: Eighteenth century 10 room farmhouse. Altitude 1,600 feet. Panoramic mountain view. Gardens. Quiet. Library. Open fires. Delicious food. Rates $60-$65 weekly all inclusive. Ruth Schriftgiesser. 802-VA 4-5721.

"EDGEFIELD," Box 36, Casco, Maine. Boating, fishing, swimming, golf courses near. Reasonable weekly rates. Brochure.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquility of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

ACCOMMODATE one, two couples attractive country home conveniently situated famous Saratoga Spa (N.Y.) Quiet, beautiful historic area. Box C-821.

BRAEBROOKE FRIENDS—Greetings. Decoration Day be*gins eighth successful season for Amateur Chamber* Music Players and lovers of music. Write for Braebrooke Story. Read about Braebrooke in magazine, Hi-fi Stereo Review, June 1962, entitled Little Haydn After Breakfast. Lenox, Massachusetts.

IN THESE SURROUNDINGS man has the opportunity for reflection and spiritual enrichment. Aware only of the gentle stimuli of forest and sea, he may, if he so chooses, spend hours without sight or sound of another human being. He can relax as never before, slough off the mental armor that mainland life demands, recapture a oneness, a wholeness of self. The Island Inn, Box G, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

TANGLEWOOD BOUND? Rooms at Orchard House—$6 single, $10 double. Tyringham, Massachusetts.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Country stores, antiques, auc*tions, children "organize themselves." Northwood,* N.H.

IF I WERE A JOLLY ROGER . . . I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk, L.I. I hear tell of silken sanded shores . . . shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphire and Gurney's Inn . . . a treasure On the Brink O' The Beach. Exceptional lodgings and cuisine fit for the captain of any ship: For treasure Brochure, write Dept. S-6, Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I. MO 8-2345.

VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn and Motel. Elevator. Informal. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S. 531 East 20th, New York 10, GRamercy 3-0222.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. *Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville* Junction 8, Maine.

VERMONT—Scenic, Early American setting. Private cottages, Colonial Inn and Country Club that features 9 new holes of golf for 1963. Rates: $14 to $21 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Limited number of lakeview and fairway residential properties available. Mountain Top Inn, Chittenden, Vermont. New York Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, LOngacre 5-1114.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward *folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee,* Massachusetts.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro, N.H.

LAKE ST. CATHERINE INN, Poultney, Vermont, ATlantic 7-9371. Lakefront dream spot. Great fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Congenial, informal. Low June rates, Decoration weekend. American-Jewish Cuisine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 24th. Kennebunkport, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—Jackson 16, New Hamp*shire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate* with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

(Continued on page 68)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 67)

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. June to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569-V, Ely, Minnesota.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation building for dining, sociability, entertainment. Guest cottages. Boats on 4 lakes. Every water sport. Real fishing. Fine riding, tennis. Memorable meals, pleasing service, every comfort. Quimby's Inn and Cottages, Averill 4, Vermont.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

MESSALONSKEE BEACH COTTAGES. Housekeeping, lakefront. Fish, play, relax. Belgrade, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. For color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

REFRESHINGLY MAINE — Overlooking ocean, beach. Art colony, theatre. Informal, excellent food. Brochure. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN — A secluded Alpine inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

VACATIONS

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

40th YEAR of contented living. Won't you join us? Booklet. Naidni on Dunmore, Brandon, Vermont.

ST. PETERSBURG BEACH, FLORIDA. Cool beachfront apartments from $55 weekly. Family rates. New, beautiful, different, Archway Villa, 3850 Gulf Boulevard.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

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TRAVEL

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EUROPEAN TOURS, 1963: June sailings, 28-60 days in Europe, $1,092-$1,495. Young Adults Tour, $1,375. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Attractive.

B. Gracious and kindly, esp. to inferiors or dependents.

C. Actuated by lofty motives (comp.).

D. Safeguarded oneself from loss (on a bet, investment, etc.).

E. Carrageen (2 wds.).

F. Physical contest.

G. Specifying the hereditary position of the Duke of Windsor, which he always deplored.

H. Describing the girl to whom the little boy was to bow, in the old game of Forfeits.

I. A falconer who keeps goshawks.

J. Ill-advised.

K. Wordsworth told us that England had this for Milton (2 wds.).

L. Honored in a special way a belle, the flag, somebody's good health.

WORDS

179 24 70 108 82 133 37 160

1 31 61 76 106 42 156 123 55

19 59 134 63 51 126 170 115 69 85 17

162 143 13 154

58 74 144 62 98 163

102 146 64 116 95 176 119 9 139

104 47 118 93 178 86

60 22 99 49 157 127

177 50 129 33 141 78 105 10 39

153 90 158 53 28 73 186 83

54 36 88 112 173 184 169 40 152 2 148

172 81 124 147 165 130

26 44 84 65 30 159 167

DEFINITIONS

M. Little black terriers originating in a northern country.

N. Condition of his time, as Hamlet found it (3 wds.).

O. Olivia's clown in *Twelfth Night*.

P. City where Byron died, 1824.

Q. The "Pittsburgh of Japan".

R. Malicious misrepresentation.

S. Any instrumentality for the acquisition of knowledge.

T. Best shellfish for an athlete.

U. California peak, location of the giant telescope of today.

V. Play recorded in the final column of the daily box score.

W. The "Strait" bet. Sumatra and Java, connecting Java Sea and Indian Ocean.

X. Garment for either sex, young or old, designed to protect against or to invite aprication (2 wds.).

WORDS

18 185 41 138 80 35 7 46

96 4 109 14 150 180 38 20 113 155

45 121 43 3 137

12 125 77 140 27 67 161 166 25 128 100

56 68 66 142 57 131

164 94 6 89 97 103 135

149 107 151 34 5 122 79

120 168 182 174 110 21

48 92 114 11 132 145 32

171 136 87 23 8 183

101 52 16 29 75 72

111 181 15 117 71 175 91

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 B	2 J	3 O		4 N	5 S	6 R	7 M	8 V	9 E		10 H	11 U	12 P	13 C	14 N
15 X	16 W		17 C	18 M		19 C	20 N	21 T	22 G	23 V	24 A	25 P		26 L	27 P	
28 I	29 W	30 L	31 B	32 U	33 H	34 S	35 M	36 J		37 A	38 N	39 H	40 J	41 M	42 B	43 O
	44 L	45 O		46 M	47 F	48 U	49 G	50 H	51 C	52 W	53 I	54 J	55 B	56 Q		57 Q
58 D	59 C		60 G	61 B	62 D	63 C	64 E	65 L	66 Q		67 P	68 Q	69 C	70 A	71 X	72 W
73 I	74 D		75 W	76 B	77 P	78 H	79 S	80 M	81 K	82 A	83 I	84 L	85 C	86 F	87 V	
88 J	89 R	90 I	91 X		92 U	93 F		94 R		95 E	96 N	97 R	98 D		99 G	100 P
101 W	102 E	103 R	104 F	105 H	106 B	107 S	108 A	109 N	110 T	111 X		112 J	113 N	114 U	115 C	116 E
117 X		118 F	119 E	120 T	121 O	122 S	123 B	124 K		125 P	126 C		127 G	128 P	129 H	
130 K	131 Q	132 U	133 A	134 C	135 R		136 V	137 O	138 M	139 E		140 P	141 H	142 Q	143 C	144 D
145 U	146 E	147 K	148 J		149 S	150 N		151 S	152 J	153 I	154 C		155 N	156 B	157 G	158 I
159 L		160 A	161 P	162 C	163 D		164 R	165 K	166 P	167 L	168 T	169 J	170 C		171 V	172 K
173 J		174 T	175 X	176 E	177 H	178 F	179 A		180 N	181 X	182 T	183 V	184 J	185 M	186 I	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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